

# THE GRAPHIC

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:  
"Cider-Making in the West"

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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. O. POOLE

A WEIRD BUDDHIST CEREMONY: A DEVIL DANCE IN PEKING

## Topics of the Week

THE banquet to be given to Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham next Friday bids fair to assume the character of a mark of national confidence. Perhaps it is not surprising that in the town with which he has always been most strongly identified, and of which he is the most illustrious citizen, his political enemies should seek an opportunity of crying a truce and of joining in a general homage to his patriotism and the boldness and conscientiousness of his statesmanship. But on this occasion Birmingham is clearly voicing the feeling of the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain's determination to visit South Africa and to study the local problems for himself has won universal approval, and this approval is all the more remarkable because it is based on the conviction that Mr. Chamberlain has the energy to find out the truth, that he has the fairness of mind to recognise it when he sees it, whatever his prepossessions may be, and, finally, that he has the courage to insist upon the carrying out of any policy which his investigations may lead him to believe to be right. It is a striking and gratifying proof that in spite of the acerbity of party conflicts Mr. Chamberlain's character and the loftiness of his motives have not failed to find appreciation even in the hearts of those who have assailed him with a bitterness almost without parallel. In determining upon the South African mission Mr. Chamberlain has richly deserved this tribute. It is a departure of excellent augury in Imperial administration, and one which is likely to produce good fruit on a much wider field than the South African veldt. It establishes the principle that a Colonial Secretary should make personal acquaintance, when occasion offers, with the tremendous problems over which, for good or evil, he is called to exercise an important influence. How many mistakes in our Colonial career—and especially in South Africa—might have been obviated if former Colonial Secretaries had made up their minds to give themselves the trouble of studying the data of difficult crises for themselves! In this way a new link will be added to the bonds of Empire in the shape of a strengthened Imperial spirit and a ripened Imperial knowledge in the men upon whom the destinies of the Empire chiefly depend. Mr. Chamberlain has, too, deserved the tributes which are now being paid to him on account of the cheerfulness and single-mindedness with which he has assumed what, under any circumstances, must be a heavy burden of responsibility. The mission to South Africa will be no rose-strewn parade. The problems to be investigated are some of the most difficult that have ever beset the path of a statesman, and round them rage a score of fierce conflicts which will not easily be allayed. It is not to devise any halting compromises that the Colonial Secretary is travelling across the seas. He is not the man for that sort of work. He has to take decisions, and these decisions cannot please everybody. He has to adjudicate on such thorny questions as the race conflict in Cape Colony, the taxation of the Rand, the future treatment of natives, and the thousand and one legacies of the war, on which public opinion and public interests are bitterly divided. In framing his policy without the intervention of the High Commissioner or the local governors, he will have to assume all the responsibility, and we may be certain that he will not be spared by those to whom he finds himself compelled to run counter. Happily, he is tough enough and courageous enough to grapple with these dangers. His object is to hasten the peace of South Africa, and it is a happy circumstance that his own patriotic determination has behind it so large a volume of national confidence and support. Time was when South Africa was held to be the inevitable grave of great reputations. This tradition has already been partially destroyed by Lord Milner, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. We trust that it is reserved for Mr. Chamberlain to give it its *coup de grâce*.

IN the long list of resolutions passed by the Colonial Conference, probably the first will prove to be by far the most important. It is a resolution urging that similar conferences between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Colonial Premiers should be arranged at intervals of not less than four years. We have here the nucleus of a Council representing the Empire as a whole. That it is merely a nucleus does not for the moment matter. Englishmen have never acquired the habit, so dear to our French neighbours, of devising paper Constitutions, which in appearance are perfect, but which in practice do not

"march." On the contrary, nearly every feature of our political organism is the result of slow growth from small beginnings. Bearing in mind this characteristic of our institutions, we may fairly regard the proposed quadrennial conference between one of the Ministers of the United Kingdom and the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies as a real beginning of an organisation that may become truly Imperial. At the same time it is well to realise to how small an extent such a conference at present fulfils the requisites of an Imperial Council. In the first place, the United Kingdom herself would be only inadequately represented in a conference constituted in the manner suggested. During the recent conference it happened that the Colonial Secretary was one of the most powerful members of the Cabinet; but that will not always be the case. Thus, while the colonies would be represented by their Prime Minister, the United Kingdom might be represented by a subordinate Minister, who, by the nature of his office, would be called upon to look at questions submitted to him rather from the Colonial than from the United Kingdom point of view. That is one very serious defect in the proposed scheme. Another defect of the first order is the total omission from the conference of all representation of India and the Crown Colonies. India is, next to the United Kingdom, by far the most important member of the Empire. India maintains at her own expense a well-equipped and powerful army, ready for service at any moment in any part of the globe. In spite of occasional famines, the wealth of India is enormous, and her financial position is far better than that of almost any European State. To exclude India while including a little colony like Natal would be the height of absurdity, if we were now planning a complete Imperial constitution. In the same way no Imperial Council could be regarded as even approximately complete if it ignored such flourishing and wealthy colonies as Mauritius, Ceylon, Singapore, and Hong Kong. The mere mention, however, of these names brings to light at once the difficulties of establishing a Council which shall really represent the whole Empire. All we can do is to move slowly, providing for the immediate need of the moment, and leaving our institutions to develop as fresh needs appear.

THANKS to his exceptional knowledge of Asiatic ways of thought and feeling, Sir Ernest Satow has succeeded in securing the fitting punishment of the high-placed criminals implicated in the murder of the two English missionaries at Chenchau. When solemnly assured by the Peking Government that these assassins had been executed, Sir Ernest bluntly expressed disbelief, and refused to attend any Court ceremony until that penalty was really inflicted. But it was his profound acquaintance with Chinese character which enabled him to take up this bold attitude; had he known nothing of the Far East, he would have scarcely cared to give the lie direct to the highest dignitaries of state. He recognised, at once, an artful endeavour to "save the face" of the ruling classes, by letting the real culprits escape, and with consummate cleverness, he met that move by casting still graver discredit on the Government, through his refusal to attend the Court until full reparation was afforded. Lord Curzon is another illustration of the benefit resulting from the same sort of schooling. He would never have made such a brilliantly successful Viceroy had he not previously penetrated behind the veil which conceals the tortuous workings of the subtle Asiatic mind from Europeans. This insight cannot be acquired from books, nor does it go hand in hand with linguistic attainments, however thorough. There must be personal residence and personal touch, not with one Asiatic nationality alone, but with several. Sir Ernest Satow mastered that peculiar learning long ago in Burmah, Siam and Japan, while Lord Curzon travelled far and wide in Asia, his mind always on the alert to catch characteristics of any people with whom he came into contact. It has been said of the Viceroy that when he visited Bangkok, he won the hearts of the Siamese Court by the extraordinary readiness with which he assimilated their ideas of things in general.

### "FIREWORKS IN OLDEN TIMES: THE EARLIEST RECORDS"

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and

#### "A MAYOR FOR FUN,"

The Most Curious Municipal Election in England (Illustrated), are among the interesting features of this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

## The Gystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"PLEASE to remember the Fifth of November!" Yes—it is all very well to sing this, but I fear that every fifth of November we please to remember it less. The gradual disappearance of guys from our streets is a somewhat alarming sign. No doubt you will find there are many children in London at the present moment who not only have never seen a guy, but have no notion of the derivation of a title that they are only too glad to apply to any ill-dressed or disagreeable person. It is a question whether the decay of guydom is a subject upon which we can congratulate ourselves. This gradual shelving of old-fashioned customs and time-honoured merriment is, doubtless, the outcome of the practical spirit of the age and the absence of fun and humour which is the especial characteristic of the present day. It strikes me, too, that in letting guykind gradually slide into the limbo of obscurity we are losing an opportunity for broad, vigorous satire, for biting open-air caricature, that used to be very effective. Many of us can remember the time when the most unpopular people of the year were duly served up in effigy as guys on the fifth of November, and well laughed at throughout London. It is a pity this means of public reproof and wholesome enjoyment of the populace should be interfered with. Everything is done by means of societies nowadays. Why is there not a "Guy Society"? Then, possibly, some of the glories of departed guyhood might be restored. For, to quote the ditty which used to be so popular, "I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot." Nor do I see any reason why the British Public should be deprived of the privilege of boldly expressing its views on things and people, at any rate once a year.

There has been recently a correspondence in *Notes and Queries* with regard to the Polygraphic Hall in King William Street, Strand, which occurs just at the moment when its site is being obliterated by the extension of the Charing Cross Hospital. I believe the hall alluded to was originally a chapel, but my first boyish recollection of it is as the place where W. S. Woodin gave his entertainments, which were entitled "The Carpet-bag and Sketch-book," "The Cabinet of Curiosities," and "The Olio of Oddities." After that I can recall seeing a Christy Minstrel troupe there, which included one Wambold with a fine tenor voice, and Pearce, who caused an idiotic song, called "Hoop-de-dooden-do," to be popular throughout the whole of London. Later on I remember Stephen Heller, an excellent conjurer, having the hall for a brief season. Subsequently it was converted into the Charing Cross Theatre, then the Folly Theatre, and eventually Toole's Theatre. I have many pleasant reminiscences connected with the latter, and the amusing people one used to meet in the dressing-room of the excellent comedian. Moreover, I remember having a piece produced at this theatre which was literally danced upon by the critics of the London Press, but notwithstanding all these disadvantages ran all through the season, and was successfully played in the provinces during the autumn. In the upper rooms of this house was located the Beefsteak Club on its first establishment, and the recollections of many pleasant evenings spent in those picturesque rooms are infinite.

It would be satisfactory to know whether the proprietors of cellars have any right to ventilate their cellars by means of the public pathway. Sometimes, when walking along the street, I find myself enveloped in a warm, steamy atmosphere which makes me feel as if I were being cooked. At others I suddenly experience a cold blast which makes me shiver. Presently, and I am surrounded by the savour of roasted joints; then do I inhale the odour of hot raspberry puffs; and eventually do I plunge into the scented joys of a barber's shop. On investigation I find this variety of atmospheres emanates from gratings in the coal-plates. These gratings are also annoying in other ways. If you are not careful you are apt to plunge your stick or your umbrella into one of these holes or gratings. The result is, you are pulled up with a jerk, and sometimes find yourself sitting on the pavement. Occasionally your best umbrella is broken short off close to the silk, or your favourite walking stick grievously injured. The surface of the pavement would appear to belong to the public, but the cellars to the owners of propinque houses. Therefore I doubt whether they have any right of ventilation. If only some arrangement could be made to shift the cellars to the backs of the houses, the front cellarage under the street might be united and enlarged, and this would, doubtless, go a long way towards solving the great problem of subways.

After Thackeray brought out his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo" there was a considerable run upon alliterative titles for books of travel. Books entitled "Mincing Lane to Madagascar," "Bayswater to the Bosphorus," "Camberwell Grove to Constantinople," "Mile End Road to Massachusetts," "Peckham Rye to Peru," "Lombard Street to the Lago Maggiore," "Bond Street to Buda Pesth," or names somewhat analogous, were in brisk demand. It is a question, however, whether the particular description of title was originated by the author of "Vanity Fair." For I find among Ackermann's announcements for 1828, "A Narrative of a Tour from the Bank to Barnes, by way of Piccadilly, Knightsbridge, &c., and the Countries West of London, with some Account of the Inhabitants and Customs East of Kensington, by an Inside Passenger." I wonder whether any copy of this volume is still in existence. If so it would be very interesting to learn the condition of the places indicated, as well as the manners and customs of their inhabitants seventy-four years ago. It would be found that the changes in these parts would be more absolutely astounding than you would at first sight imagine. If you but glance at an old map of London and the suburbs of the period referred to, you will be mightily astonished at the changes that have taken place since the tour above referred to took place.



## Devil-Dancing in China

By CAPTAIN F. G. POOLE, D.S.O., F.R.G.S.

THE strange rites of devil-dancing—not, as is sometimes supposed, limited to savage tribes in Africa and elsewhere—are even found among Indian, Indo-Chinese tribes, and races of Siberia; and although the Yellow Lamas, or Shamans, which mean those who wear yellow robes and are said to have overcome all the passions of this world, seemingly despise these exhibitions, yet, as the vulgar appreciate them, they frequently take place in Tibet and Mongolia. The Dalai Lama, in his monastery of Po-ta-la, at Lhasa, is the head of Lamaism, and forbids singing and dancing in the ritual of Shamanism, yet a representation is given in many Lamaseries of a dance of young monks disguised as devils, in order to attract the people and to give them an insight into the beings of the next world, and the power of the priesthood to exorcise them.

The Yung-ho-Kung, "Lamasery of Eternal Peace," is situated in the north-west of the Tartar City, in Peking, and about fifteen hundred Mongolian and Tibetan Lamas officiate there, under the control of a Living Buddha. Before the troubles in North China, admission into it was difficult and had proved somewhat dangerous to some venturesome visitors, but now the Lamasery, with its enormous image of the Buddha To Come, its weird monsters, the reported quarry of some Chinese Emperor, and its demon-like spearmen, is a common object of interest to travellers. On ordinary days one may hear the yellow-clad Lamas chanting monotonously in deep, ventriloquial tones the prayers of the Tibetan liturgy, and the constant repetition of the puzzling mystic formula, "Om mani padmi hum" (Oh, the Jewel of the Lotus. Amen!). The writer was fortunate enough to be there on a day when some officials from the Chinese Court came to pay their respects to the Living Buddha, and when the following strange performance took place: A procession made its appearance, headed by four priests disguised as white devils with masks, while others wore stag and sheep heads. They were followed by Lamas with cymbals, tom-toms, and long trumpets borne by two men, and accompanied by acolytes with whips, to beat back the crowd.

The devils now took the floor to the accompaniment of discordant music; for a little while they were to have their own way, and the four capered and pirouetted round, now on one leg now on another, this being varied by the grotesque antics of the stags and sheep. Louder were the cymbals clashed, harder the tom-toms beaten, shriller the long trumpets blown, faster and faster danced the demons in diabolical fury. Has Evil prevailed?

An explosion of crackers heralded the arrival on the scene of the Living Buddha, hidden from the vulgar gaze in a sedan chair, and carried by eight monks. With a wail of anguish the devils disappeared, put to flight by the holy one; and now the rejoicing began; bloated and sensual-looking Lamas, clad in red and yellow, whirled round in a frenzy of delight, incense was burnt, and to crown the bizarre and delirious scene, shrill blared the trumpets and horns, and loud bawled the voices, in the triumph of Good over Evil. "Om mani padmi hum."

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DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

A correspondent writes:—"Until the present year the British Ensign has since 1865 been displayed on the Danube by a permanently stationed gunboat. As each one was relieved her successor assumed her name of *Cockatrice*. With the last *Cockatrice* the dynasty became extinct, and for the future the Danube is to be visited twice a year, in the spring and autumn, by the war-vessel stationed in the Bosphorus. The *Scout's* present visit commences this routine, to the wonder of the Roumanians at seeing a vessel so

FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. ELDRED, R.N.

much bigger than the old gunboats, and moreover called by another name than *Cockatrice*. Since the *Scout's* arrival the vessel has been the object of much curiosity to the good folk of Galatz. Many of them have chairs and tables brought out on the quay from an adjoining café, and set themselves down to gaze at leisure."

#### THE WHITE ENSIGN ON THE DANUBE: ADMIRERS ON THE QUAY AT GALATZ



In attempting the ascent of Popocatepetl it should be attacked from the southern slope of the mountain, as on this side there are no glaciers, rocks or crevasses. The snow line is reached at 12,600 feet above the sea, but it frequently descends considerably lower. The guide cuts footsteps in the frozen surface of the snow, and a steady tramp of eight hours brings us to the lip of the crater. On nearing the summit frequent rests are necessary owing to palpitation of the heart and hurried respiration. The strongest constitution must submit and pause at every few steps. The height of the mountain, according to the careful measurement of Consul Glennie, is 17,961 feet, but the crest on the northern side is

considerably higher. The crater is an irregular ellipse, about three miles in length and one and a half in breadth. Enormous icicles hang from the cliffs, huge masses of rock are frequently detached and crash down, gradually filling up the abyss beneath, while columns of smoke, accompanied by the rush of sulphurous steam from the numerous vents, poison the air, take the traveller by the throat and in a few minutes blacken any metal he may have in his possession. The descent is the greatest toboggan slide in the world, being accomplished in as many minutes as it took hours to make the ascent.

#### ON THE EDGE OF A SLUMBERING VOLCANO: THE CRATER OF POPOCATEPETL, IN MEXICO

DRAWN BY A. C. STANNUS





"MADAME DE CRESPIGNY"

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY ROMNEY. EXHIBITED AT MESSRS. AGNEW'S GALLERIES, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL, IN THE EXHIBITION ORGANISED ON BEHALF OF THE LIVERPOOL ROYAL INFIRMARY



MR. ALDERMAN TRUSCOTT  
Sheriff



SIR MARCUS SAMUEL  
Lord Mayor



MR. BROOKE-HITCHING  
Sheriff

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

### The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs

SIR MARCUS SAMUEL is the second son of the late Mr. Marcus Samuel, a City merchant and a leading member of the Jewish community, and was born in 1853. Before settling down in business he visited Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Siam, the Philippines, China and Japan, and he has since been an extensive traveller in other parts of the world. His firms, Messrs. M. Samuel and Co., of Leadenhall Street, and Messrs. Samuel Samuel and Co., of Japan, are well known in the commercial world, and among other things they launched the first Japanese gold sterling loan of 4,500,000*l.*, issued in London, and have since been largely concerned in the introduction of Japanese municipal loans, and in the development of the coal trade in Japan. In 1891 Sir Marcus Samuel conceived the idea of transporting petroleum in bulk through the Suez Canal, and the business which he then started with that view was in 1897 transferred to the Shell Transport and Trading Company, of which he is chairman, and which owns a fleet of thirty-eight steamers. Sir Marcus was knighted in 1898. He is a member of the Spectacle Makers' and Gardeners' Companies. He married in 1881 Fanny Elizabeth, daughter of the late B. Benjamin.

Mr. Alderman Truscott is the eldest son of the late Sir Francis W. Truscott, who filled the office of Lord Mayor in 1879, and is the Alderman of the Ward of Dowgate. He is the head of a large wholesale stationery firm, and has filled many important positions in connection with the Corporation. Mr. Brooke-Hitching is a representative of the Ward of Farringdon Within, and joined the Corporation in 1892. He is a Liveryman of several City Guilds.

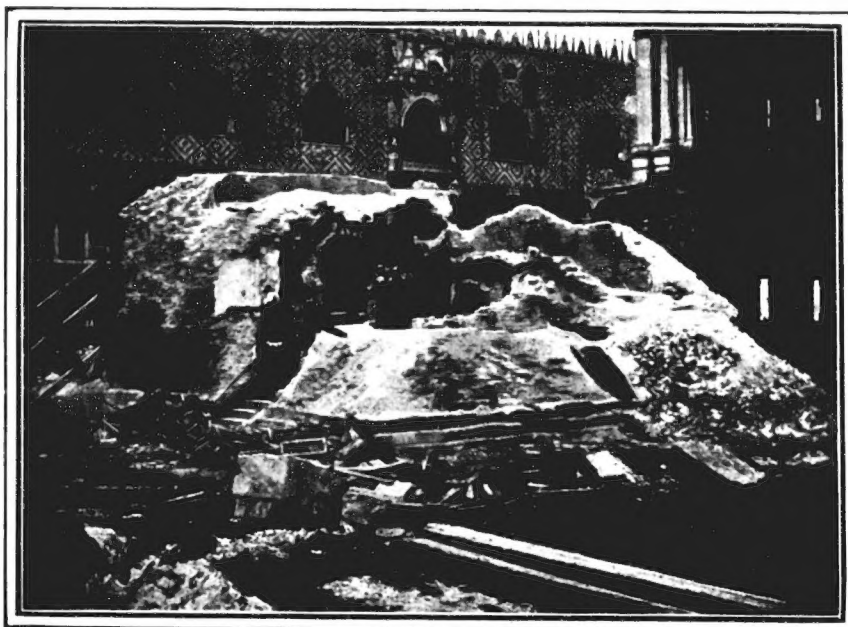


THE NEW LADY MAYORESS

Our portraits of the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs are by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

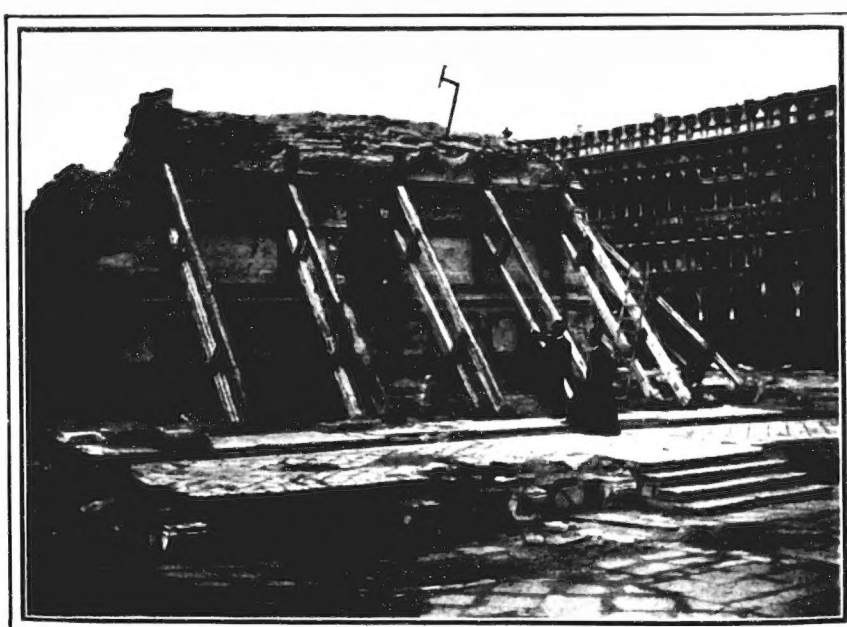
### A New Russian Battleship

IN the *Borodino* class of battleship, the last of which, the *Kniaz Suvaroff*, has just been launched, the Russian Admiralty is producing a ship that is not only armoured above water and just below the water-line, but also over the greater part of her surface under water. For from the lower edge of the belt proper of nine-inch armour a lower belt of four inches of nickel steel reaches nearly down to the double bottom. This submarine cuirass is an attempt to defy the dreaded effects of the attack of the automobile torpedo, and the danger arising from this is still further provided against by the construction of two internal longitudinal bulkheads of similar armour which reach from stem to stern. The *Kniaz Suvaroff* has, in addition, a four-inch steel deck, with a second deck above it of two-inch armour, the space between stowed with coal, so that her flotation has an amount of protection which is not equalled by that of any other ship in the world. Her two principal gun turrets are of eleven-inch armour, with ten inches of plating on their bases, while her six secondary turrets are of six-inch armour on five-inch bases. She has six-inch armour over a great part of her lower deck amidships, and an eleven-inch conning tower. Her armament is a formidable one, consisting, as it does, of four 12.4-inch guns as her main battery, twelve 6-inch quickfirers as her secondary armament, and auxiliary batteries of twenty 12-pounders, twenty 3-pounders and eight 1-pounders. The six-inch guns are placed in turrets so arranged that eight of them can be fired ahead or astern, or six on either broadside. Her 12-pounders are all on the main deck. The *Kniaz Suvaroff* has six torpedo tubes. She has a displacement of 13,566 tons, and is expected to steam at eighteen knots an hour.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CAMPANILE

When the Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, fell, it crashed down upon the Sansovino Terrace, demolishing the famous sixteenth century loggetta at its foot. The ruins of the tower, which were piled up to the height of

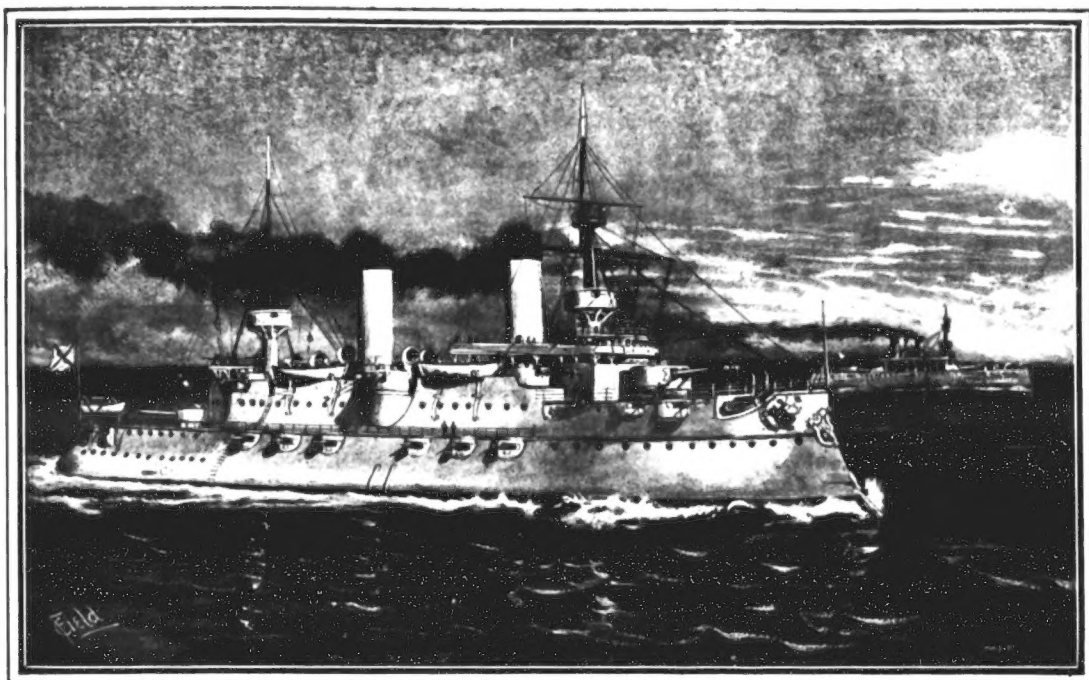


THE LOGGETTA DE SANSOVINO AFTER THE DEBRIS HAD BEEN CLEARED AWAY

one hundred feet, are being slowly cleared away; fragments of walls are laid bare and at once supported by beams, every effort being made to preserve as much of the old work as possible. Our photographs are by C. Abeniacear

### THE FALLEN CAMPANILE AT VENICE





THE NEW RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP "KNAIZ SUVAROFF" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED FOR SEA  
THE MOST HEAVILY ARMoured SHIP IN THE WORLD  
DRAWN BY MAJOR C. FIELD, R.M.



DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

An interesting experiment in torpedo warfare was carried out, on September 17 last, at Wei-hai-wei, when a live "Whitehead" torpedo was fired from the torpedo-destroyer *Hart*, at a portion of torpedo net (with which all battleships are fitted) slung from a floating staging. The torpedo, missing the short piece of net used only by a few yards, struck and burst on the rocks on the beach, throwing up an immense volume of water into the air.

EXPERIMENTING WITH A LIVE TORPEDO AT WEI-HAI-WEI



A severe typhoon occurred in Japan at the end of September. Three tidal waves swept over the Odawara district, near Yokohama, and overwhelmed hundreds of houses. Several hundred inhabitants were killed. Our illustration is from a photograph by Fred Collier

THE DISASTROUS TYPHOON IN JAPAN: THE SCENE AT ODAWARA THE NEXT DAY

## Paris Gittings

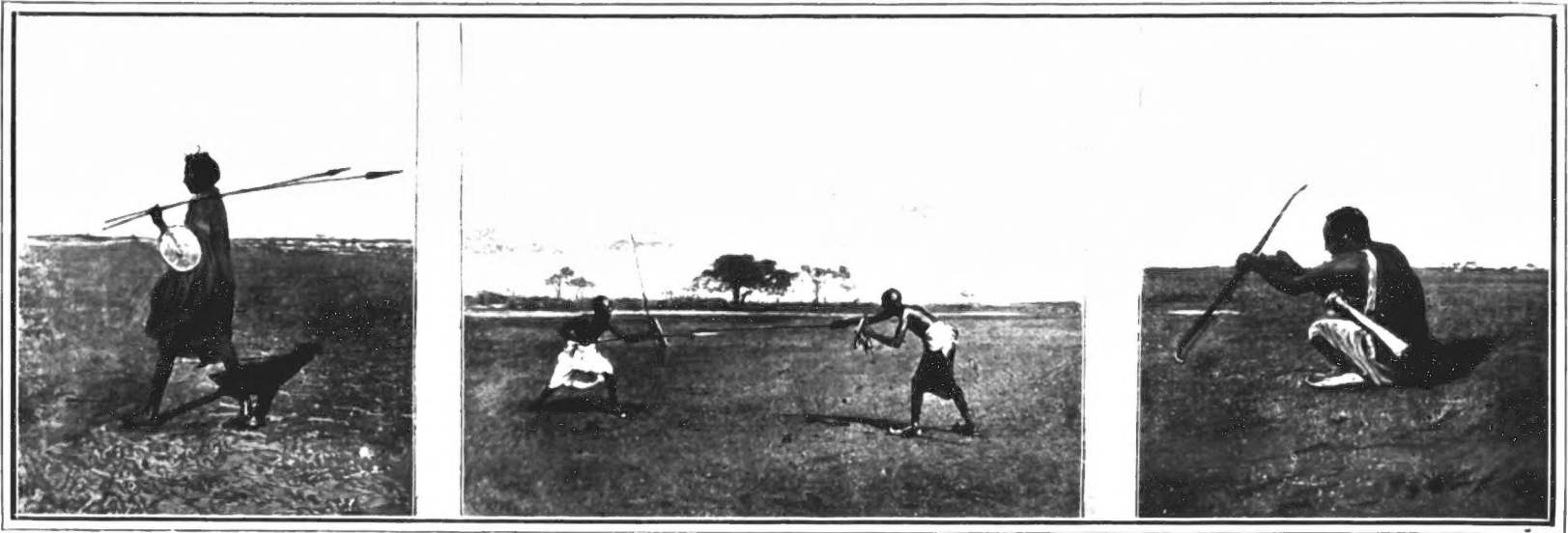
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

WHAT constitutes the *point d'honneur* according to the French duelling code will always remain a mystery for an Englishman. Every day one reads polemics in the Press in which journalists of opposite camps hurl insults at one another, and nothing happens. Then one day one of them makes what seems by comparison a mild statement of some kind, and seconds are sent at once. An example of this was seen this week, *à propos* of the duel between the Marquis de Dion and M. Gerault-Richard, the Socialist deputy. The latter wrote an article on the abjuration of the Jewish faith by M. Gaston Pollonnais, in the course of which he referred in somewhat insulting terms to M. de Dion. The latter, meeting the deputy for Guadeloupe in the lobbies of the Chamber, slapped his face. M. Gerault-Richard, in return, kicked his Nationalist colleague. According to English ideas, if ever a duel was justified this was an instance. But nothing happened. Two days later, however, M. Gerault-Richard published a paragraph in the *Petite République*, of which he is the editor, pointing out that there were some discrepancies in the various versions of the incident furnished to the Press by the Marquis de Dion. Thereupon the latter sent his seconds to M. Gerault-Richard, and a duel was the result.

I need not say that such encounters are entirely for the gallery. The duel with a gallery has become one of the institutions of latter-day political life in France. I have attended duels in which nothing but an orchestra was wanting to pass the time before the encounter and during the *entr'actes*. Three or four hundred spectators, whose right to attend was carefully inspected by a couple of policemen before entering the scene of the contest, furnished the audience. Photographers, reporters, and fencing experts were present by the dozen; all that was wanting was a cinematograph to record the incidents of the encounter. When the *directeur de combat* crossed the points of the swords, lifted his hat and stepped back, pronouncing the sacramental "*Allez, messieurs*," a kind of movement went through the audience such as one notes in a theatre when the curtain goes up. Then at the first scratch the surgeons intervened, gravely examined the so-called wound, and declared that the combatant who received it was in "a state of manifest inferiority," and the "combat" was at an end. This may be satisfaction, but an Englishman has difficulty in seeing where it exactly lies.

The peaceful village of Bourg-la-Reine is at present under the influence of a kind of reign of terror. The terrible murder of Mme. Mercier within 500 yards of the railway station, following as it did on a series of attacks on women and children, has so terrified the inhabitants that they dare not venture out of doors after night-fall. The author of the attacks seems to have been in every case the same person—a short thick-set man dressed like an agricultural labourer. All his victims seemed to have noticed the same detail—that he had his corduroy trousers patched at the knee. And yet the police seem powerless to throw any light on the affair. In fact, of late the police of Paris and the vicinity *laisse à désirer*. At Paris we have police on cycles, the *agents plongeurs*, who are supposed to keep watch on the banks of the Seine and save people from drowning, and the police armed with white batons for the regulation of the traffic. This week a new category has been added, police on motor-cars, whose duties consist in chasing and arresting the "scorching" automobilist. But M. Lépine seems to have omitted to create a department for the arrest of the everyday malefactor.

One of the few completely successful strikes of recent years has been that of the musicians of the Paris theatres and music-halls. They presented their ultimatum to the managers of their establishments on the Thursday of last week and by Monday last the latter had practically all surrendered. The attempt of a single pianist to fulfil the duties of a band is at best only a makeshift, and this fact soon became apparent to the managers. Besides, the claims of the strikers were not very great. They demanded the introduction of a minimum salary of three, four, or five francs, according to the capacity of the musician, rising by one franc per annum for the next three years. The result of this will be that in 1904 the members of the Paris orchestras will draw a salary of five, six, and seven francs per evening, which cannot be regarded as exorbitant, when one considers that no payment is given for rehearsals, and only two francs per head for matinées.



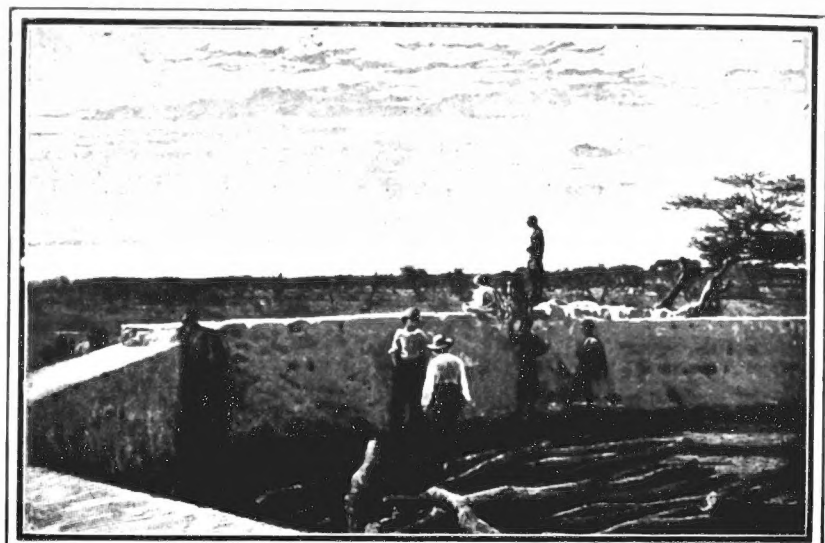
A SPEARMAN

A SPEAR FIGHT

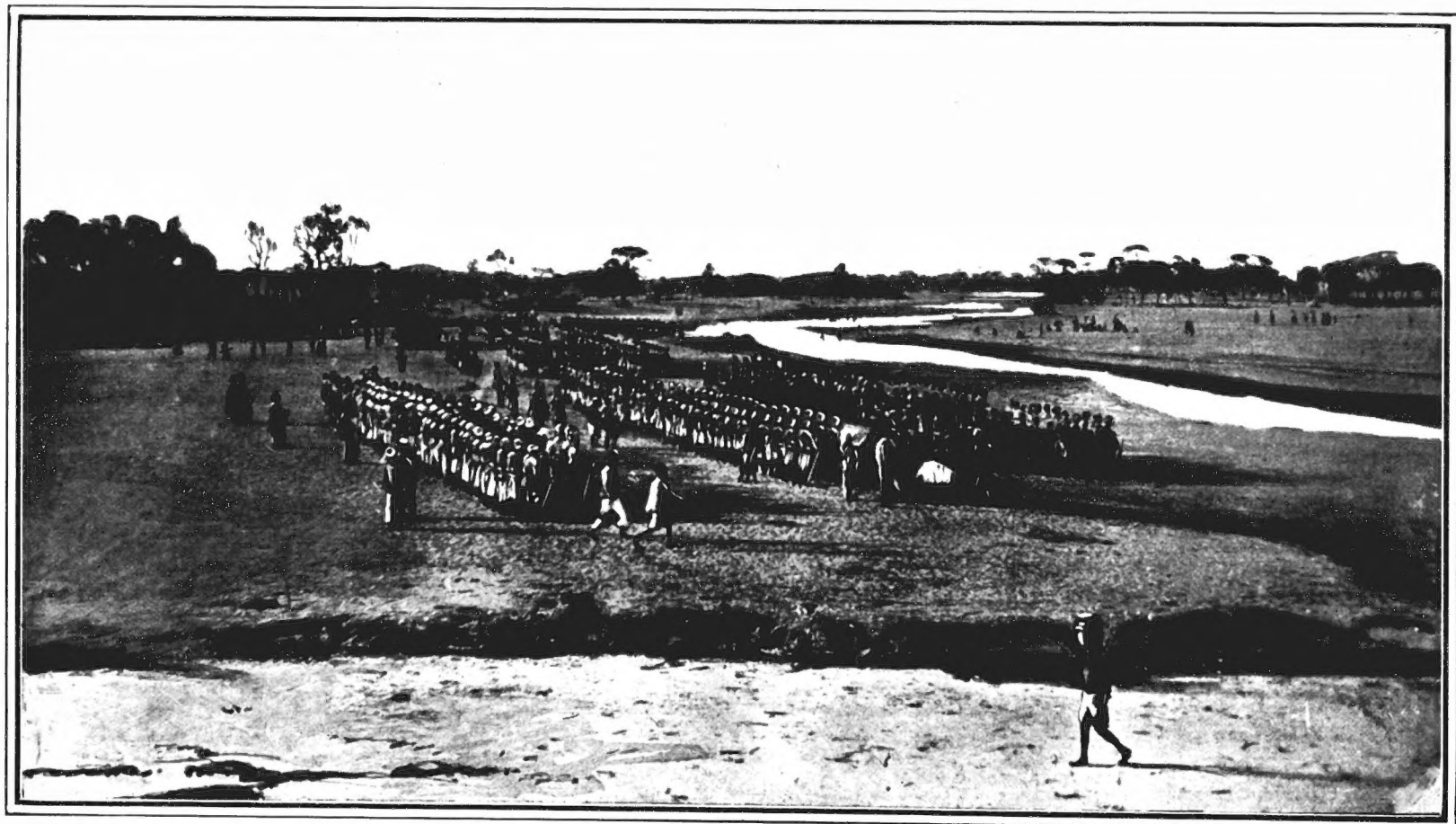
SHOOTING ARROWS



THE DEFENCES OF BOHOTLE



MAKING A PARAPET



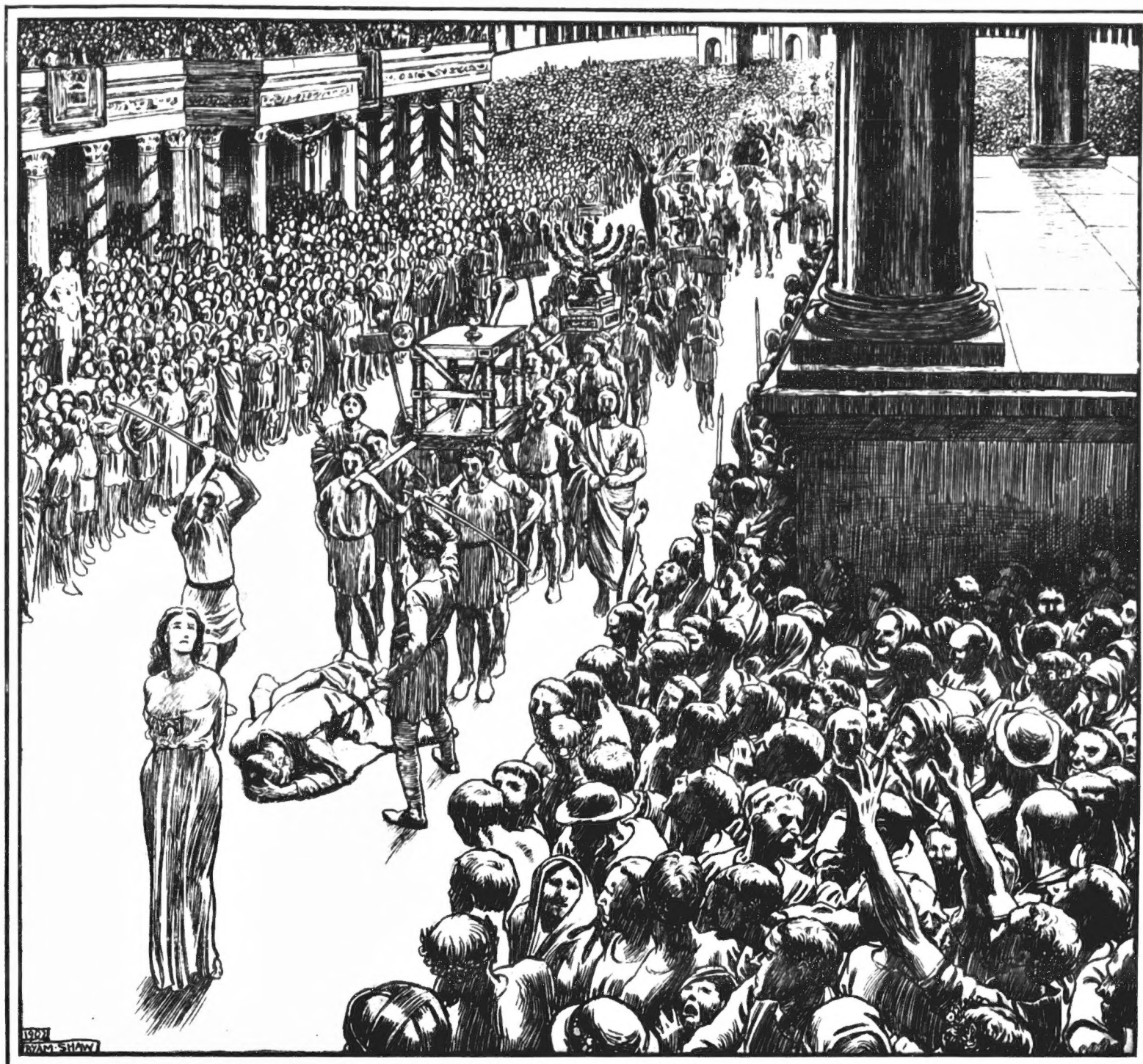
COLONEL SWAYNE'S FORCE ON PARADE

An officer with Colonel Swayne in Somaliland sends us a number of photographs taken at Bohotle, at which place the force has arrived safely. Before the advance to Erego was begun extensive defensive works were prepared at Bohotle, forts were built and zarebas prepared. A force was left behind to

garrison the place. Bohotle is about a hundred miles from Erego, and is said to have a plentiful water supply from a number of wells.

#### THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: COLONEL SWAYNE'S FORCE AT BOHOTLE





"The wretched Jewish general, Simon, had sunk fainting to the ground, overcome by the heat, or the terrors of his mind, or by the sufferings which he was forced to endure at the hands of his cruel guards, who flogged him as he walked, for the pleasure of the people. Now they were beating him to life again with their rods."

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### THE TRIUMPH

ANOTHER week went by and the eve of the Triumph was at hand. On the afternoon before the great day sewing-women had come to the house of Gallus, bringing with them the robe that Miriam must wear. As had been promised, it was splendid, of white silk covered with silver discs and having the picture of the Gate Nicanor fashioned on the breast, but cut so low that it shamed Miriam to put it on.

"It is naught, it is naught," said Julia. "The designer has made it thus that the multitude may see those pearls from which you take your name." But to herself she thought: "Oh! monstrous age, and monstrous men, whose eyes can delight in the disgrace of a poor unfriended maiden. Surely the cup of the iniquity of my people is full, and they shall drink it to the dregs!"

That same afternoon also came an assistant of the officer, who was called the Marshal, with orders to Gallus as to when and where he was to deliver over his charge upon the morrow. With him he brought a packet, which, when opened, proved to contain a splendid golden girdle fashioned to the likeness of a fetter. The clasp was

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an amethyst, and round it were cut these words: "The gift of Domitian to her who to-morrow shall be his."

Miriam threw the thing from her as though it were a snake.

"I will not wear it," she said. "I say that I will not wear it; at least to-day I am my own," while Julia groaned and Gallus cursed beneath his breath.

Knowing her sore plight, that evening there came to visit her one of the elders of the Christian Church in Rome, a bishop named Cyril, who had been the friend and disciple of the Apostle Peter. To him the poor girl poured out all the agony of her heart.

"Oh! my father, my father in Christ," she said, "I swear to you that were I not of our holy faith, rather than endure this shame I would slay myself to-night! Other dangers I have passed, but they have been of the body alone, whereas this—Pity me and tell me, you in whose ear God speaks, tell me, what must I do?"

"Daughter," answered the grave and gentle man, "you must trust in God. Did He not save you in the house at Tyre? Did He not save you in the streets of Jerusalem? Did He not save you on the Gate Nicanor?"

"He did," answered Miriam.

"Aye, daughter, and so shall He save you in the slave-market

of Rome. I have a message for your ear, and it is that no shame shall come near to you. Tread your path, drink your cup, and fear nothing, for the Lord shall send His angel to protect you until such time as it pleases Him to take you to Himself."

Miriam looked at him, and as she looked peace fell upon her soul and shone in her soft eyes.

"I hear the word of the Lord spoken through the mouth of His messenger," she said, "and henceforth I will strive to fear nothing, no, not even Domitian."

"Least of all Domitian, daughter, that son of Satan whom Satan shall pay in his own coin."

Then going to the door he summoned Julia, and while Gallus watched without, the two of them prayed long and earnestly with Miriam. When their prayer was finished the bishop rose, blessed her, and bade her farewell.

"I leave you, daughter," he said, "but though you see him not, another takes my place. Do you believe?"

"I have said that I believe," murmured Miriam.

Indeed, in those days, when men still lived who had seen the Christ and His voice still echoed through the world, to the strong faith of His followers, it was not hard to credit that His angels did descend to earth to protect and save at their Master's bidding.

So Cyril the bishop went, and that night from many a catacomb prayers rose up to Heaven for Miriam in her peril. That night also she slept peacefully.

Two hours before the dawn, Julia awoke her and arrayed her in the glittering, hateful garment. When all was ready, with tears she took her farewell.

"Child, child," she said, "you have become to me as my own daughter was, and now I know not how and when we shall meet again."

"Perhaps sooner than you think," Miriam answered. "But if not, if, indeed, I speak to you for the last time, why, then, my blessings on you who have played a mother's part to a helpless maid that was no kin of yours. Yes, and on Gallus also, who has kept me safe through so many dangers."

"And who hopes, dear one, to keep you safe through many more. Since I may not swear by the gods before you, I swear it by the Eagles that Domitian will do well to have a care how he deals by you. To him I owe no fealty, and, as has been proved before to-day, the sword of vengeance can reach the heart of princes."

"Aye, Gallus," said Miriam gently, "but let it not be your sword, nor, as I trust, shall you need to think of vengeance."

Then the litter was brought into the courtyard, with the guards that were sent to accompany it, and they started for the gathering-place beyond the Triumphal Way. Dark though it still was, all Rome was astir. On every side shone torches, from every house and street rose the murmur of voices, for the mighty city made herself ready to celebrate the greatest festival which its inhabitants had seen. Even now at times the press was so dense that the soldiers were obliged to force a way through the crowd, which poured outwards to find good places along the line of the Triumph, or to take up their station on stands of timber, and in houses they had hired, whose roofs, balconies, and windows, commanded the path of the pageant.

They crossed the Tiber. This Miriam knew by the roar of the water beneath, and because the crush upon the narrow bridge was so great. Thence she was borne along through country comparatively open, to the gateways of some large building, where she was ordered to dismount from the litter. Here officers were waiting who took charge of her, giving to Gallus a written receipt for her person. Then, either because he would not trust himself to bid her farewell, or because he did not think it wise to do so in the presence of the officers, Gallus turned and left her without a word.

"Come on, girl," said a man, but a secretary, looking up from his tablets, called to him:

"Gently there with that lot, or you will hear about it. She is Pearl-Maiden, the captive who made the quarrel between the Cesars and Domitian, of which all Rome is talking. Gently, I tell you, gently, for many free princesses are worth less to-day."

Hearing this, the man bowed to Miriam, almost with reverence, and begged her to follow him to a place that had been set apart for her. She obeyed, passing through a great number of people, of whom all she could see in the gloom of the breaking dawn was that, like herself, they were captives, to a little chamber where she was left alone watching the light grow through the lattice, and listening to the hum of voices that rose without, mingled now and again with sobs and wails of grief. Presently the door opened and a servant entered with bread on a platter and milk in an earthenware vessel. These she took thankfully, knowing that she would need food to support her during the long day, but scarcely had she begun to eat when a slave appeared clad in the imperial livery, and bearing a tray of luxurious meats served in silver vessels.

"Pearl-maiden," he said, "my master Domitian sends you greeting and this present. The vessels are your own, and will be kept for you, but he bids me add that to-night you shall sup on dishes of gold."

Miriam made no answer, though one rose to her lips; but after the man had departed, with her foot she upset the tray so that the silver vases fell clattering to the floor, where the savoury meats were spilled. Then she went on eating the bread and the milk till her hunger was satisfied.

Scarcely had she finished her meal, when an officer entered the cell and led her out into a great square, where she was marshalled amongst many other prisoners. By now the sun was up and she saw before her a splendid building, and gathered below the building all the Senate of Rome in their robes, and many knights on horses, and nobles, and princes from every country with their retinues—a very wonderful and gallant sight. In front of the building were cloisters, before which were set two ivory chairs, while to right and left of these chairs, far as the eye could reach, were drawn up thousands upon thousands of soldiers; the Senate, the Knights and the Princes, as she could see from the rising ground whereon they stood, being in front of them and of the chairs. Presently from the cloisters, clad in garments of silk and wearing crowns of laurel, appeared the Cesars, Vespasian and Titus, attended by Domitian and their staff. As they came the soldiers saw them and set up a mighty triumphant shout which sounded like the roar of the sea, that endured while the Cesars sat themselves upon their thrones. Up and up went the sound of the continual shouting, till at length Vespasian rose and lifted his hand.

Then silence fell and, covering his head with his cloak, he seemed to make some prayer, after which Titus also covered his head with his cloak and offered a prayer. This done Vespasian addressed the soldiers, thanking them for their bravery and promising them rewards, whereon they shouted again until they were marched off to the feast that had been made ready. Now the Cesars vanished and the officers began to order the great procession, of which Miriam could see neither the beginning nor the end. All she knew was that before her in lines eight wide were marshalled two thousand or more Jewish prisoners bound together with ropes, among whom, immediately in front of her, were a few women. Next she came, walking by herself, and behind her, also walking by himself, a dark, sullen-looking man clad in a white robe and a purple cloak, with a gilded chain about his neck.

Looking at him she wondered where she had seen his face, which

seemed familiar to her. Then there rose before her mind a vision of the Court of the Sanhedrin sitting in the cloisters of the Temple, and of herself standing before them. She remembered that this man was seated next to that Simon who had been so bitter against her and pronounced upon her the cruel sentence of death, also that someone in the crowd had addressed him as Simon the son of Gioras, none other than the savage general whom the Jews had admitted into the city to make war upon the Zealot, John of Gischala. From that day to this she had heard nothing of him till now they met again, the judge and the victim, caught in a common net. Presently, in the confusion they were brought together and he knew her.

"Are you Miriam, the grand-daughter of Benoni?" he asked.

"I am Miriam," she answered, "whom you, Simon, and your fellows doomed to a cruel death, but who have been preserved—"

"—To walk in a Roman Triumph. Better that you had died, maiden, at the hands of your own people."

"Better that you had died, Simon, at your own hands, or at those of the Romans."

"That I am about to do," he replied bitterly. "Fear not, woman, you will be avenged."

"I ask no vengeance," she answered. "Nay, cruel as you are I grieve that you, a great captain, should have come to this."

"I grieve also, maiden. Your grandsire, old Benoni, chose the better part."

Then the soldiers separated them and they spoke no more.

An hour passed and the procession began its march along the Triumphal Way. Of it Miriam could see little. All she knew was that in front of her there were ranks of fettered prisoners, while behind men carried upon trays and tables the golden vessels of the Temple, the seven-branched candlestick and the ancient sacred book of the Jewish law. They were followed by other men, who bore aloft images of victory in ivory and gold. Then, although these did not join them till they reached the Porta Triumphalis, or the Gate of Pompey, attended, each of them, by lictors having their faces wreathed with laurel, came the Cesars. First went Vespasian, the father. He rode in a splendid golden chariot, to which were harnessed four white horses led by Libyan soldiers. Behind him stood a slave clad in a dull robe, set there to avert the influence of the evil eye and of the envious gods, who held a crown above the head of the Emperor, and now and again whispered in his ear the ominous words, *Respice post te, hominem memento te* ("Look back at me and remember thy mortality").

After Vespasian came the father, came Titus Cesar, the son, but his chariot was of silver, and graven upon its front was a picture of the Holy House of the Jews melting in the flames. Like his father he was attired in the *lega picta* and *tunica palmata*, the gold-embroidered over-robe and the tunic faced with silver leaves, while in his right hand he held a laurel bough, and in his left a sceptre. He also was attended by a slave who whispered in his ear the message of mortality.

Next to the chariot of Titus, alongside of it, indeed, and as little behind as custom would allow, rode Domitian, gloriously arrayed and mounted on a splendid steed. Then came the tribunes and the knights on horseback, and after them the legionaries to the number of five thousand, every man of them having his spear wreathed in laurel.

Now the great procession was across the Tiber, and, following its appointed path down broad streets and past palaces and temples, drew slowly towards its object, the shrine of Jupiter Capitolinus, that stood at the head of the Sacred Way beyond the Forum. Everywhere the side paths, the windows of houses, the great scaffolds of timber, and the steps of temples were crowded with spectators. Never before did Miriam understand how many people could inhabit a single city. They passed them by thousands and by tens of thousands, and still, far as the eye could reach, stretched the white sea of faces. Ahead that sea would be quiet, then, as the procession pierced it, it began to murmur. Presently the murmur grew to a shout, the shout to a roar, and when the Cesars appeared in their glittering chariots, the roar to a triumphant peal which shook the streets like thunder. And so on for miles and miles, till Miriam's eyes were dim with the glare and glitter, and her head swam at the ceaseless sound of shouting.

Often the procession would halt for a while, either because of a check to one of the pageants in front, or in order that some of its members might refresh themselves with drink which was brought to them. Then the crowd, ceasing from its cheers, would make jokes, and criticise whatever person or thing they chanced to be near. Greatly did they criticise Miriam in this fashion, or at the least she thought so, who must listen to it all. Most of them, she found, knew her by her name of Pearl-Maiden and pointed out to each other the necklace about her throat. Many, too, had heard something of her story, and looked eagerly at the picture of the Gate Nicanor blazoned upon her breast. But the greater part concerned themselves only with her delicate beauty, passing from mouth to mouth the gossip concerning Domitian, his quarrel with the Cesars, and the intention which he had announced of buying this captive at the public sale. Always it was the same talk; sometimes more brutal and open than at others—that was the only difference.

Once they halted thus in the street of palaces through which they passed near to the Baths of Agrippa. Here the endless comments began again, but Miriam tried to shut her ears to it and looked about her. To her left was a noble-looking house built of white marble, but she noticed that its shutters were closed, also that it was undecorated with garlands, and idly wondered why. Others wondered too, for when they had wearied of discussing her points, she heard one plebeian ask another whose house that was and why it had been shut up upon this festal day. His fellow answered that he could not remember the owner's name, but he was a rich noble who had fallen in the Jewish wars, and that the palace was closed because it was not yet certain who was his heir.

At that moment her attention was distracted by a sound of groans and laughter coming from behind. She looked round to see that the wretched Jewish general, Simon, had sunk fainting to the ground, overcome by the heat, or the terrors of his mind, or by the sufferings which he was forced to endure at the hands of his cruel

guards, who flogged him as he walked, for the pleasure of the people. Now they were beating him to life again with their rods; hence the laughter of the audience and the groans of the victim. Sick at heart, Miriam turned away from this horrid sight, to hear a tall man, whose back was towards her, but who was clad in the rich robes of an Eastern merchant, asking one of the marshals of the Triumph, in a foreign accent, whether it was true that the captive Pearl-Maiden was to be sold that evening in the auction-mart of the Forum. The marshal answered yes, such were the orders as regarded her and the other women, since there was no convenient place to house them, and it was thought best to be rid of them and let their masters take them home at once.

"Does she please you, sir? Are you going to bid?" he added. "If so, you will find yourself in high company."

"Perhaps, perhaps," answered the man with a shrug of his shoulders.

Then he vanished into the crowd.

Now, for the first time that day, Miriam's spirit seemed to fail her. The weariness of her body, the foul talk, the fouler cruelty, the cold discussion of the sale of human beings to the first-comer as though they were sheep or swine, the fear of her fate that night, pressed upon and overcame her mind, so that she felt inclined, like Simon, the son of Gioras, to sink fainting to the pavement and lie there till the cruel rods beat her to her feet again. Hope sank low and faith grew dim, while in her heart she wondered vaguely what was the meaning of it all, and why poor men and women were made to suffer thus for the pleasure of other men and women; wondered also what escape there could be for her.

While she mused thus, like a ray of light through clouds, a sense of consolation, sweet as it was sudden, seemed to pierce the darkness of her bitter thoughts. She knew not whence it came, nor what it might portend, yet it existed and the source of it seemed near to her. She scanned the faces of the crowd, finding pity in a few, curiosity in more, but in most gross admiration if they were men, or scorn of her misfortune and jealousy of her loveliness if they were women. Not from among these did that consolation flow. She looked up to the sky, half expecting to see there that angel of the Lord into whose keeping the bishop Cyril had delivered her. But the skies were empty and brazen as the faces of the Roman crowd; not a cloud could be seen in them, much less an angel.

As her eyes sank earthwards their glance fell upon one of the windows of the marble house to her left. If she remembered right some few minutes before the shutters of that window had been closed, now they were open, revealing two heavy curtains of blue embroidered silk. Miriam thought this strange and, without seeming to do so, kept her eyes fixed upon the curtains. Presently, for her sight was good, she saw fingers between them—long, dark-coloured fingers. Then very slowly the curtains were parted, and in the opening thus made appeared a face, the face of an old woman, dark and noble-looking and crowned with snow-white hair. Even at that distance Miriam knew it in an instant.

Oh, Heaven! it was the face of Nehushta, Nehushta whom she thought dead, or at least for ever lost. For a moment Miriam was paralysed, wondering whether this was not some vision born of the turmoil and excitement of that dreadful day. Nay, surely it was no vision, surely it was Nehushta herself who looked at her with loving eyes, for see! she made the sign of the cross in the air before her, the symbol of Christian hope and greeting, then laid her finger upon her lips in token of secrecy and silence. The curtain closed and she was gone, who not five seconds before had so mysteriously appeared.

Miriam's knees gave way beneath her, and while the marshals shouted to the procession to set forward, she felt that she must sink to the ground. Indeed, she would have fallen had not some woman in the crowd stepped forward and thrust a goblet of wine into her hands, saying:

"Drink that, Pearl-Maiden, it will make your pale cheeks even prettier than they are."

The words were coarse, but Miriam, looking at the woman, knew her for one of the Christian community with whom she had worshipped in the catacombs. So she took the cup, fearing nothing, and drank it off. Then new strength came to her, and she went forward with the others on that toilsome, endless march.

At length, however, it did end, an hour or so before sunset. They had passed miles of streets; they had trodden the Sacred Way bordered by fane innumerable and adorned with statues set on columns; and now marched up the steep slope that was crowned by the glorious temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. As they began to climb its guards broke into their lines, and seizing the chain that hung about the neck of Simon, dragged him away.

"Whither do they take you?" asked Miriam as he passed her.

"To what I desire—death," he answered, and was gone.

Now the Cesars, dismounting from their chariots, took up their stations by altars at the head of the steps, while beneath them, rank upon rank, gathered all those who had shared their Triumph, each company in its allotted place. Then followed a long pause, the multitude waiting for Miriam knew not what. Presently men were seen running from the Forum up a path that had been left open, one of them carrying in his hand some object wrapped in a napkin. Arriving in face of the Cesars he threw aside the cloth and held up before them and in sight of all the people the grizzly head of Simon the son of Gioras. By this public murder of a brave captain of their foes was consummated the Triumph of the Romans, and at the sight of its red proof trumpets blew, banners waved, and from half a million throats went up a shout of victory that seemed to rend the very skies, for the multitude was drunk with the glory of its brutal vengeance.

Then silence was called, and there before the Temple of Jove the beasts were slain, and the Cesars offered sacrifice to the gods that had given them victory.

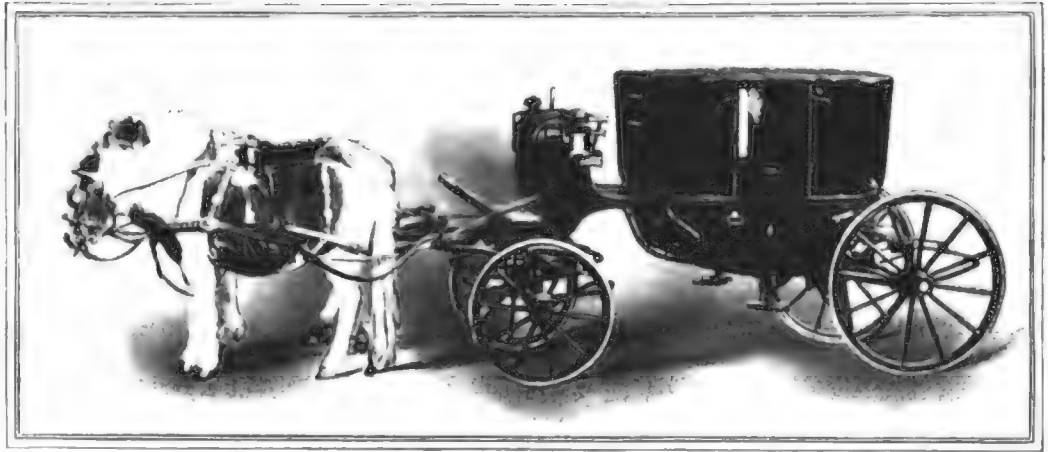
Thus ended the Triumph of Vespasian and of Titus, and with it the record of the struggle of the Jews against the iron beak and claws of the Roman Eagle.

(To be continued.)



## The Court

BETWEEN the important functions of last week and the coming entertainment of two foreign Sovereigns there has been a very quiet interval at Court. Both the King and Queen have been away from town. His Majesty at Newmarket, and Her Majesty in Norfolk. King Edward was more fortunate in the weather when at Newmarket this time than during his previous visit, and was out riding early every morning to watch the horses exercising on the Heath. Afterwards he drove to the races, and in the evening dined with friends, going one night to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, at Palace House, another evening to Sir Maurice and Lady Fitzgerald, at Sevels House, and the last night of his stay to Earl and Countess Cadogan, at Rutland Cottage. On Thursday His Majesty shot over Colonel McAlmont's preserves at Cheveley Park, the party consisting of ten guns, and having good sport. The King left late in the afternoon for town, where, although his arrival was quite private, the usual large crowd had gathered round the station. On Sunday morning King Edward attended Service at the Marlborough House Chapel, and afterwards lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. Next day His Majesty gave several audiences, lunched with Princess Henry of Battenberg at Kensington Palace, and went to the theatre in the evening. As the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards did not arrive from South Africa in time for the Guards' Review last week, the King was determined that they should not be disappointed, and therefore gave them a special review to themselves in Buckingham Palace Gardens on Tuesday. His Majesty was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian, and after inspecting the troops and witnessing their march past, King Edward spoke a few cheery words of congratulation on their return. The King then left for Sandringham to join the Queen and Princess Victoria, who preceded him early last week. Before leaving town Queen Alexandra and the Princess inspected the statue of the late Prince Christian Victor, executed by Mr. Emil Fuchs for St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Her Majesty was at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning, accompanied by Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and her two elder grandsons, Princes



The pretty little landau and ponies which the showmen of the United Kingdom asked permission to present to the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales have arrived at Marlborough House from Mr. Lord George Sanger's farm at Finchley. The miniature dress landau is of Queen Anne design (period 1704) and stands about 5 ft. high. The beautiful pair of red-and-white piebald ponies wear a set of gold-mounted harness. The landau was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Hayes and Son, Stamford.

### THE SHOWMEN'S GIFT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHILDREN

Edward and Albert of Wales. Most of the King and Queen's family are at Sandringham for His Majesty's birthday to-morrow, the Prince of Wales joining his children at York Cottage, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark being at Appleton Hall. The Duchess of Fife, however, is still in the Highlands with the Duke and family.

It is over a year and a half since the German Emperor was in England, His Majesty's last visit being at the time of Queen Victoria's death and funeral. This time his visit has a happier

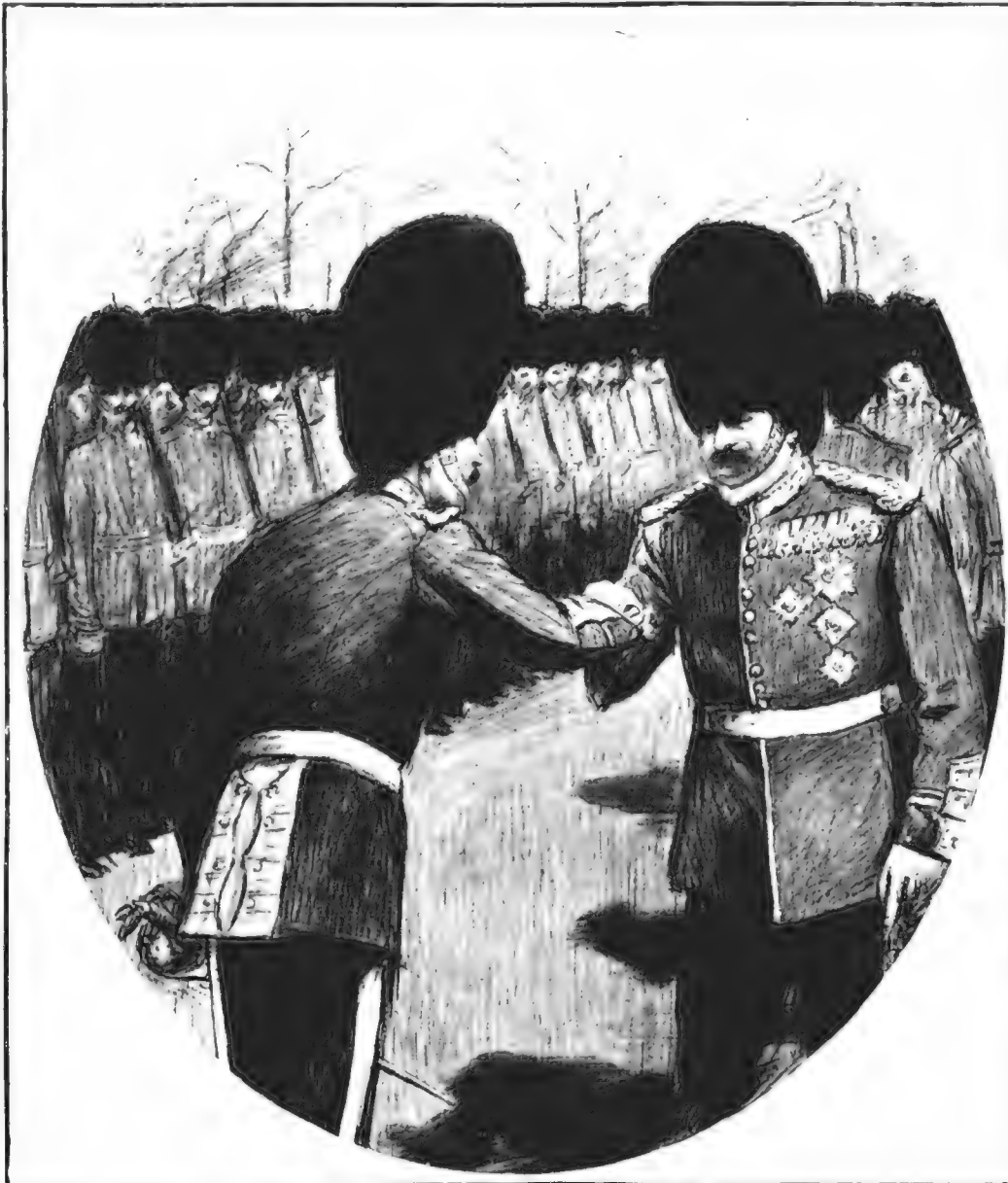
reason—to be present at the celebration of King Edward's sixty-second birthday. As the anniversary falls on a Sunday, the day will be kept officially on Monday, so far as Royal salutes, bell-ringing, illuminations, and commemorative dinners are concerned, but there will be a family dinner at Sandringham House on the day itself. Emperor William arrives to-day (Saturday), reaching Port Victoria at an early hour in his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. He goes straight to the camp at Shorncliffe to inspect the 1st Royal Dragoons, of which regiment he is honorary colonel, and present them with their war medals, after which he lunches with the officers. Thence His Majesty travels to Sandringham, arriving in time for tea. Besides the Royal Family and a few intimate friends, the Sandringham house party is to include Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador at Berlin, the German Ambassador, and also several Cabinet Ministers, although the Imperial visit is strictly family and not political. The German Emperor will accompany the King and Queen to Sandringham Church to-morrow, and afterwards go over the Royal stables and kennels, while on Monday he will see the annual birthday dinner given to the men of the humbler classes on the Royal estate, and help to drink King Edward's health. Shooting over the Royal estates will be the chief amusement for the next few days, as the preserves are always kept for the King's birthday party, as the beginning of the shooting season. Emperor William leaves on Saturday for Lowther Castle to spend a few days with Lord and Lady Londale.

On their German Imperial guest's departure, the King and Queen come up to Windsor Castle to receive the King of Portugal. Dom Carlos stays a week, but his visit will be even more private than that of the Emperor. The King will take his Portuguese Majesty shooting in Windsor Park—for King Carlos is a splendid shot—and there will be a few dinner parties at the Castle, although nothing formal. The Portuguese Sovereign may stay a few days in London before going home, but he will be strictly *incog*.

The Prince of Wales has been busy paying shooting visits in different parts of the country. Last week he was staying with Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney in their beautiful Norfolk home, Didlington Hall, and enjoyed a most enthusiastic reception from Southwold. Didlington Hall is rich in beautiful pictures, rare books, and a museum of curiosities collected abroad by Lord Amherst. This week the Prince has gone north to stay with Lord and Lady Londonderry at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees. During her husband's absence the Princess has been in town, but the children remained at Sandringham.

## Dangerous Mountaineering

IN his notes accompanying the pictures on page 633, Mr. McCormick writes:—"I have shown two parties in what might be called dangerous climbing, but they are trained mountaineers, taking every precaution to prevent accident. The last summer will be remembered for its continuous bad weather and appalling number of accidents. Many of these happened through neglect of the most obvious precautions and of the principal rules of mountaineering. In the picture, 'A Fall Into a Hidden Crevasse,' the party are crossing a treacherous snowfield. A party of three or four is the best number for a climb—never less than three, for the simple reason that, in a party of two, if one falls in, he is more likely to pull in the other than to be dragged out by him. The members of the party should always keep the rope taut, and never allow it to drag over the snow. If the leader stops to examine the snow, the others twist the rope round their left hand—the ice-axe being in the right—and let it out when they move on again, so that if one of the party falls through some hidden crevasse, as in the picture, he is at once supported. The third man, seeing him fall, stops and holds him up, and, if the weight is too much for him, he drives his ice-axe into the snow and twists the rope round it, under the axe-head. The leading man, feeling the strain, turns round and takes the same precautions. When crossing an ice slope, if the slope should be too steep to get along without steps, the leader cuts these whilst the others make themselves as firm and steady as possible by driving the sharp end of their ice-axes into the slope above them. By thus anchoring themselves, in case of a slip they are ready to resist any sudden pull on the rope. They then advance as the leader moves on."



The King on Tuesday inspected at Buckingham Palace the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards who have recently returned from South Africa. Addressing the men, the King expressed regret that they were not able to be present at the parade last week when he inspected the other battalions of the Brigade of Guards, and congratulated them upon the excellent manner in which they had conducted their arduous duties during the war. Colonel Romilly made a short reply, and then called for three cheers for the King. The men placed their bearskins on their bayonets and responded lustily to the command. The officers then defiled past the King, Colonel Romilly introducing them by name. The officers saluted as they passed, and one or two were honoured with a special shake of the hand.

THE INSPECTION OF THE 2ND SCOTS GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE  
DRAWN BY RALLIOL SALMON



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A SKETCH BY C. F. ELDRED, R.N.

A correspondent writes:—"It may safely be affirmed that no gathering of the same number of individuals in any other quarter of the globe could offer more variety than a social assembly at Therapia, on the Bosphorus, the summer colony of Embassies. The other day a fancy dress ball was given by Mrs. Leishman, the wife of the American Minister. The picturesque confusion of the scene was accentuated by the variety of languages heard on all sides. The effect was the more bizarre and fantastic from

the contradictions between the costumes and the languages—an Oriental Sultan of dazzling splendour speaking English, a Swiss peasant speaking Italian, a Svengali speaking German, and one of Miss Mitford's characters French. Added to all the dream-like strangeness was the fact that the Shepherdess was, perhaps, a Countess, the sandwich man a Baron, the Turkish boatman a British Naval officer

A BABEL OF TONGUES AND A MEDLEY OF COSTUME: A FANCY DRESS BALL AT THERAPIA





CROSSING AN ICE SLOPE



A FALL INTO A HIDDEN CREVASSE

MOUNTAINEERING ON THE ALPS

DRAWN BY A. D. MCCORMICK



THE SCOTTISH CLANS' ASSOCIATION DINNER

## The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

WITH the gentle but persuasive assistance of the closure the Education Bill is beginning to move. It has already beaten the record, inasmuch as it has been before the House longer than any Bill, not excepting Mr. Gladstone's fatal and stoutly fought Home Rule Bill. By-and-bye, possibly before these lines appear in print, certainly next week, the precedent set by Mr. Gladstone will be followed, and the Bill closed in compartments. Mr. Balfour means that the autumn Session shall come to an end on or about December 13, and where the holiday is concerned he has a habit of carrying out his purpose.

In order to accomplish this particular one it will be necessary to abandon the intention of carrying the London Water Bill this year. The Premier has not yet announced this decision, but that also will presently be made clear. It is obviously undesirable to rush through at the far end of an autumn Session a measure of the vast importance of the Water Bill. Next Session promises to be one of comparative leisure. The only big Bill yet promised will deal with the Irish land. The London Water Bill may well be left to keep it company.

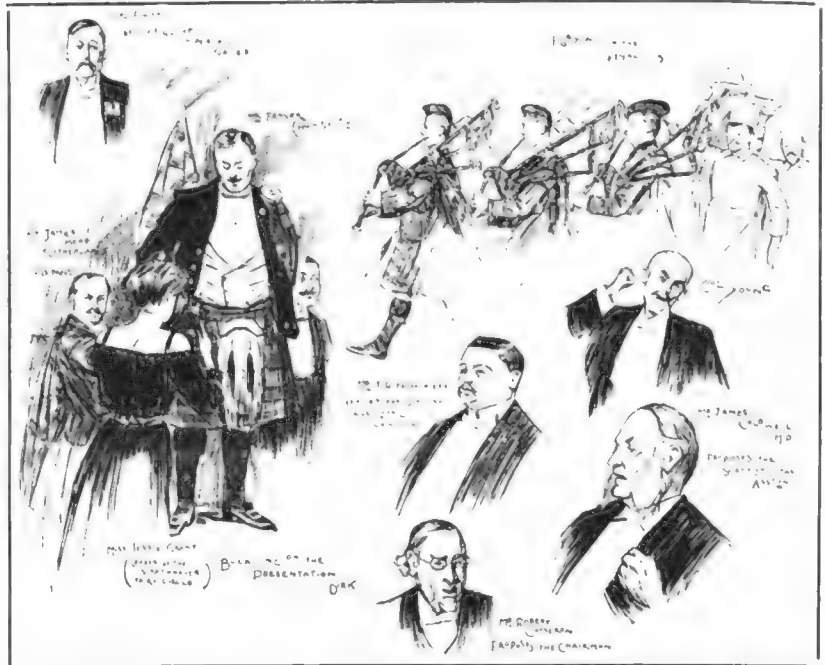
The application of the closure in Committee on the Education Bill has become almost automatic in its action. Yet it must be admitted that the fullest opportunity for debate is afforded. For two, sometimes for four, hours an amendment to a clause is discussed.

With or without the closure it is disposed of on a division. On returning to the House, the Opposition, looking across the Table, observe the Premier fingering a sheet of notepaper. They well know what it portends. As soon as the figures are announced, and the amendment disposed of, Mr. Balfour rises and claims to have some times the whole, sometimes a portion, of the remainder of the clause divided upon. The Opposition shout "Oh, oh!" but there is no appeal. The only thing open to them is to take a couple of divisions, one on the closure, the other on the question that the clause be added to the Bill. This process occupies nearly half an hour of a sitting, and as the Government majority is pretty steadily maintained on the basis of two to one, it is of no use beyond that of running up the aggregate of divisions in which individual members have taken part through the Session.

The monotony of debate on details of the Bill was on Monday varied by a pretty bit of manoeuvring. Speaking at Edinburgh on Saturday, Lord Rosebery threw out the suggestion that the Scottish system of education should, in the matter of religious teaching, be grafted on the English. The main difference between the two is that, whereas the English system is in this respect dominated by what is called the Cowper-Temple clause, which permits children at the instance of their parents to be withdrawn from the school whilst religious teaching is going forward, the Scotch system makes arrangements whereby every child may receive religious instruction acceptable to their parents.

Meeting on Monday, with Lord Rosebery's suggestion fresh in their minds, the Opposition wanted to know what the Premier thought of it. Mr. Balfour was equally anxious to learn how far the way out would be acceptable to the Opposition. He ingeniously carried on a process of cross-examination designed to ascertain whether the Nonconformists would barter the Cowper-Temple clause for the Scotch system. "Will you give us the Scotch system?" they asked in return. On that point the Premier was dumb. The next day, however, a significant incident befell. Sir John Gorst handed in the terms of a new Clause, which, abolishing the Cowper-Temple Clause, practically embodies the Scottish system.

Sir John is no longer a member of the Ministry. But he has remained in close alliance with his former colleagues in the effort to carry a Bill of which he was joint author. It is not probable that he would have tabled such a resolution without encouragement from Mr. Balfour. In matters like this, a nod is as good as a wink to a friendly ex-Vice-President of the Council. Mr. Balfour would



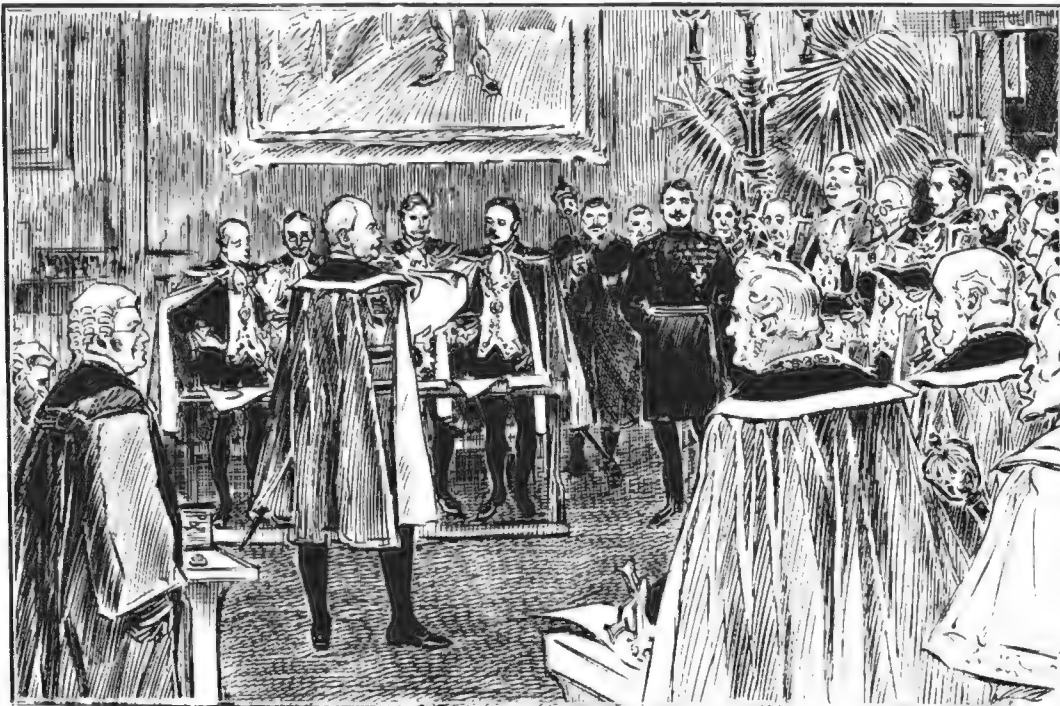
The Scottish Clans' Association of London held their annual banquet at the Holborn Restaurant last Saturday. The banquet had special interest this year as it was made the occasion of two presentations—one, a Scottish ram's head, presented by the Association as a tribute of esteem to Mr. Alexander C. MacKenzie, who has been chief of the Association since its formation, and who now retires from that office in consequence of his removal to Yorkshire. The other was a beautifully chased and engraved dirk and belt and Skene Binn, presented by the Association to the hon. secretary, Mr. W. M. Fraser, as a token of their appreciation of the energy which he has devoted to their affairs since the Association's formation. The two presentations took place with full Highland and musical honours. Miss Jessie Grant, the leader of the Scottish branch of the "Strathnaver Fairy Circle," buckled the dirk and belt on Mr. Fraser.

THE SCOTTISH CLANS' ASSOCIATION DINNER

naturally be indisposed before coming to definite arrangement with the Opposition to place such a new clause on the paper. Coming from Sir John Gorst it has a certain air of authority, and will lead to important debate that may have momentous consequences. However these are shaped, Mr. Balfour starts with a free hand.

## Our Portraits

THE forthcoming retirement of M. de Blowitz, the famous *Times* correspondent in Paris, is announced. M. de Blowitz has had one of the most remarkable careers in journalism. He joined the staff of the *Times* in July, 1871, having been naturalised as a French citizen in the previous year, and it is his boast that he has contributed to that paper more than four thousand columns. M. de Blowitz will be seventy next month, and as he began his travels when he was only sixteen, and has led a very active life, it is only natural that he should feel a desire to seek his well-earned rest. When he was quite a young man he invented a machine for wool carding by steam, and he was only thirty-seven when he brought about the electoral defeat of M. de Lesseps by revealing the history of Ismail Pacha's special train. M. de Blowitz formed one of the National Guard at Marseilles in 1870, and distinguished himself in the suppression of the Commune in the South. His work for the *Times* is too well known to need mention. His personality was impressed in his



For the third time in 327 years the Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Cinque Ports assembled at Dover last week. The proceedings were of a quaint old-world character, and were witnessed by a large gathering. When the roll was called there were present deputies from the five ports, Dover, Sandwich, Hastings, Romney, and Hythe; the two ancient towns, Rye and Winchelsea, and their limbs, Deal, Ramsgate, Faversham, Folkestone, Margate, Lydd and Tenterden. Each town was represented by its Mayor, in the robes of a Baron of the Cinque Ports. These Courts were founded over a thousand years ago. The deputies having taken the oath to be true and faithful to the Sovereign, and according to the best of their power and skill to maintain the charters, franchises, liberties and customs of the Cinque Ports, there followed a very interesting ceremony. Sir Wollaston Knocker, solicitor to the Ports, read the decrees from the Black Book of the Cinque Ports, made on August 13, in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Speaker of the Ports then proposed a resolution of congratulation to their Majesties on their Coronation. The resolution having been carried unanimously, the proceedings terminated.

THE COURTS OF BROTHERHOOD AND GUESTLING OF THE CINQUE PORTS: THE DEPUTIES TAKING THE OATH



The large cruiser is here shown lying in Portsmouth Dockyard, under the biggest shears in the world. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

GETTING READY THE CRUISER "GOOD HOPE" FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S TOUR

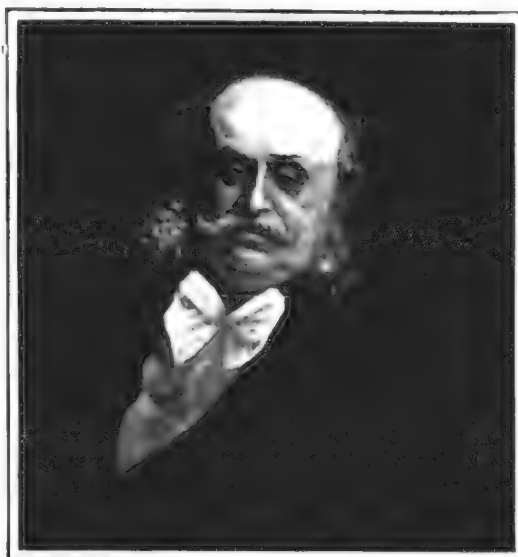


writing, and every reader of the *Times* could always detect his handwriting. In 1874 he obtained the concession of a private wire at night. One of the smartest things he ever did was the sending to the *Times* the Treaty of Berlin before it was signed. M. de Blowitz will probably be succeeded in Paris by Mr. William Lanno, who has for some years been *Times* correspondent in Vienna. Our portrait is by Braun, Clement et Co.

Colonel Alexander William Anstruther Duncan, of Naughton, Fife, Royal Artillery, P.S.C., was born October 3, 1847, and died October 18, 1902. He entered the army when nineteen years of age, in June 1866, receiving a commission from the Royal Military Academy. He served in the Royal Horse Artillery, became Gymnasium Instructor at Woolwich, and afterwards passed the advanced class and became Director of Artillery at Woolwich Arsenal. He was Lieutenant Colonel commanding Royal Artillery, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1894-98; Colonel Commanding the Royal Artillery, Cork District; Inspector of Artillery and Artillery Militia; Inspector of Coast Defences in Ireland, and Colonel on Staff to His Royal Highness Field-Marshal the Duke of Connaught, 1900. Our portrait is by Gauvain and Gentzel, Halifax, Canada.

Captain J. N. Angus, of the Royal Artillery, who was killed at Erege, Somaliland, joined the King's African Rifles, 6th (Somaliland) Battalion, in March this year. He joined the Artillery in 1897. Our portrait is by Moffatt, Edinburgh.

Mr. John Lockie, the new Unionist Member for Devonport,



M. DE BLOWITZ  
Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, who is retiring

During that period he was on the staff of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat, Golden Square. In 1874 Mr. Lennox Browne, who by that time had acquired the nucleus of an independent practice, severed his connection with Morell Mackenzie, and founded the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. He was the senior surgeon to that hospital for many years, and on his retirement from the active staff he was appointed consulting surgeon, and continued until the very last to take the deepest interest in everything connected with its welfare. He was also surgeon and aural surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians, to the Royal Choral Society, and to the Dramatic Sick Fund. He was one of the original fellows, and at one time President, of the British Laryngological and Rhinological Association. Mr. Lennox Browne contributed largely to the literature of his special department of practice. A notable feature of Mr. Lennox Browne's books is the merit of the illustrations, which were executed by himself. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

Colonel E. L. E. Swayne, I.S.C., Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief and Consul General of the Somali Coast Protectorate, was in command of the force operating against the new "Mad" Mullah. Colonel Swayne was born in 1863, and has seen service with the Uganda Rifles and in Burma. Our portrait is by Abel Lewis and Son, Clifton.

General W. H. Manning, I.S.C., who has been appointed to command the forces operating in Somaliland, was for some time



SIR A. L. MACDONNELL  
New Under Secretary for Ireland



MR. JOHN LOCKIE  
New M.P. for Devonport



THE LATE MR. LENNOX BROWNE  
The well-known Throat Specialist



THE RIGHT REV. M. J. STONE-WIGG  
Bishop of New Guinea, who has been made D.D. by Oxford University



COLONEL SWAYNE  
Late in command of the forces in Somaliland



MAJOR A. W. V. PLUNKETT  
Serving in Somaliland in command of the 2nd King's South African Rifles



GENERAL W. H. MANNING  
In command of the Somaliland Forces



THE LATE COLONEL ANSTRUTHER DUNCAN



THE LATE CAPTAIN J. N. ANGUS  
Killed in Somaliland

is the son of a Glasgow merchant. When he was but four years old his father died, and some years after he was entered at George Watson's College, Edinburgh. Upon leaving his Alma Mater he commenced commercial life in a firm of shipowners in Glasgow, with whom he remained for some years, gaining wide experience, and being much appreciated for his business capabilities. In 1892 he accepted a position in Newcastle, as manager of a large line of steamers, soon embarking in business on his own account in the Northumbrian capital. In 1899 he established works on Tyne-side for the manufacture of brass and copper tubes and engineering accessories, in which he quickly succeeded in building up a large business. Our portrait is by W. Heath, Plymouth, and published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Major A. W. V. Plunkett, of the King's African Rifles, the native regiment by whose steadiness a disaster was averted when the "Mad" Mullah's men defeated Colonel Swayne's local levies in Somaliland, on October 6, commanded the 2nd Battalion in the Gambia River Expedition as well as on the present occasion. Major Plunkett first served in the Manchester Regiment, with which he went through the Miranzai Campaign; he again saw active service when employed as a transport officer with General Blood's column against the Mahmunds, and afterwards with General Lockhart's force in the Tirah Campaign.

The Right Rev. Montagu John Stone-Wigg, Bishop of New Guinea, upon whom the University of Oxford conferred the degree of D.D., *honoris causa*, on October 28, was educated at Winchester and University College, Oxford. After working in London and at the Cathedral in Brisbane, Australia, he was consecrated first Bishop of New Guinea in Sydney in January, 1898. His labours in that distant and still cannibal island have not been without risk, but some strong lay testimony to their value was given at a Mansion House Meeting last July by Lords Beauchamp and Lamington, Sir Edmund Barton, and Mr. Le Hunte, the Lieut.-Governor. The Bishop has come home to raise funds for his difficult work, and is anxious to return to New Guinea as soon as they are forthcoming. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Lennox Browne, who was a little over sixty years of age, received his professional education at Edinburgh, and, later, in London, where he studied at St. George's and Middlesex Hospitals. In 1863 he was admitted to the Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and ten years later he became a Fellow of the sister college in Edinburgh. Soon after obtaining his diploma he went to Australia. On his return to this country in 1867 he became assistant to the late Dr. (afterwards Sir) Morell Mackenzie, with whom he continued to be associated for about seven years.

Deputy-Commissioner and Commandant of the Troops in British Central Africa, and subsequently was selected by the Government to fill the post, created in 1901, of Inspector-General of the Forces in British East Africa, Uganda, British Central Africa, and British Somaliland. During eight years' service in British Central Africa, General Manning raised and commanded the Central Africa Regiment, which distinguished itself in the Ashanti and Gambia campaigns. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Right Hon. Sir Antony Macdonnell, G.C.S.I., has been appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the room of the Right Hon. Sir David Harrell, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., who retires on a pension. Sir Antony Macdonnell's appointment to the Council of India was only recently announced, but his services will be dispensed with by the Secretary of State for India so long as he holds the office of Under-Secretary in Ireland. Sir Antony was born in 1844, and entered the Indian Civil Service in 1865. He was Chief Commissioner in Burma in 1889, Chief Commissioner of Central Provinces 1891, and Acting-Lieutenant-Governor, Bengal, in 1893. In 1895 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and Chief Commissioner of Oudh. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

GOING TO THEIR ROOMS



ARRIVING AT NIGHT







C. Castaigne  
 Mont-Saint-Michel, 1902

#### MADAME POULARD WELCOMING HER GUESTS

Mont Saint Michel, the picturesque steep fortified rock in Cancale Bay, off the coast of Normandy, is a favourite spot with visitors to the North Coast of France. The rock, which was once an island, but is now connected with the mainland by a causeway, is surrounded by quicksands, which can, however, be crossed with safety at low water. On the summit of the rock is an Abbey dating back to the fifteenth century. During

the Revolution, the Abbey was used as a prison, but it is now in the hands of the Commission des Monuments Historiques. It is full of historic and antiquarian interest. Lying round the building is an irregular little town, which is entered by three gates. The chief hotel is the Hotel Poulard Aini, a quaint but comfortable hostelry, which is always crowded by tourists. The outside staircases cut in the rock

form a feature of the hotel, which is famous all over France for lunches made by Madame Poulard, and sometimes consumed by her guests in the kitchen. No horses are ever seen in the narrow little streets of the town, which as in the case taken up by tourists and tables set for it in refreshment

#### A VISIT TO MONT ST. MICHEL

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

## "MY LADY VIRTUE"

THE French proverb, "Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire," has rather too hastily been assumed to be the text of Mr. Esmond's new play at the GARRICK Theatre. The real pivot of the story of *My Lady Virtue* is the conduct of the heroine, Lady Ernestone, not in telling truth and shaming the Devil, as Hotspur says, but in going out of her way to help a blackmailer to extort 2,000*l.* from her unfortunate husband, for whom she is nevertheless supposed to cherish feelings of the deepest affection. It seems that Sir Geoffrey has, at some time, had a *liaison* with a certain Mrs. Bramley Burville. As he was at that period a bachelor, and was moreover not aware that the lady was married, his offence is divested of any specially odious features; but, unfortunately, there is an incriminating letter to which Sir Geoffrey has imprudently attested a date, and this tender epistle has fallen into the hands of Mr. Bramley Burville, a scamp, albeit a very amusing one, who, being in pecuniary embarrassments, shamelessly offers Sir Geoffrey to abstain for a price from taking proceedings in the Divorce Court. The proposal is tempting, for Sir Geoffrey is a rising politician, and dreads, above all things, a public scandal. But suddenly affairs take a new turn. Mrs. Bramley Burville, inspired by hatred of her quondam lover's wife and a desire to inflict upon her pain and humiliation, purloins the important document and sends it to Lady Ernestone. When Burville discovers that the letter has been abstracted from his pocket-book, he quietly concludes that the game is up; but he counts without his victim's wayward wife, who, suddenly producing the letter, hands it over to Burville in her husband's presence. When Sir Geoffrey asks her why she thus aided a scoundrel to plunder or disgrace him, the foolish lady murmurs something about "duty," and her desire that there shall be no lies or concealment; but Sir Geoffrey very naturally fails to understand why his prosecutor should be presented with a letter, which never was his, and which seems to have become both legally and morally the property of Lady Ernestone. Unfortunately, Mr. Esmond's audience shares in Sir Geoffrey's perplexity. Lady Ernestone is, it is true, brought to a wiser frame of mind in the last act; but the entertainment which the play affords is mainly due to the relations between Bramley Burville and his handsome wife, who, though she exercises her fertile wits in thwarting her husband's schemes, really entertains towards that gay insouciant rascal a sort of affectionate admiration. Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Burville is as clever as his Bishop of Rance in Mrs. Craigie's play—a remarkable illustration of the wide range of this fine actor's powers. Miss Violet Vanbrugh plays with great energy and resource in the great scene of the third act. Miss Eva Moore is not so well provided in the part of the perverse Lady Ernestone, whose passionate outbursts do not always carry conviction, and Mr. Dawson Milward's Sir Geoffrey necessarily loses something from this shortcoming. Other parts, more or less of an incidental kind, are cleverly played by Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Sam Sothorn, Miss Dolores Drummond, and Miss Kate Bishop.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS MRS. BURVILLE IN "MY LADY VIRTUE" AT THE GARRICK  
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

## "ELEANOR"

If economy of the spectators' attention is the dramatist's golden rule it is easy to show that Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Eleanor*, which for the present is being given in a series of afternoon performances at the COURT Theatre, is not a good play. Its dialogue is diffuse—as dialogue is apt to be in adaptations of novels on the stage—whence chiefly it is that, although there is little action, the piece occupies in performance more than three hours. The story of *Eleanor* is briefly the rivalry of the two women—Eleanor, a widow lady, who, being played by Miss Marion Terry, cannot be other than an interesting personage, and Lucy Foster, an American young lady, who finds a very handsome representative in Miss Lilian Braithwaite. When Eleanor finally relinquishes her claim in favour of the younger woman, and dies of the shock and a malady from which she has long been suffering, her self-allegation appears to be regarded as a noble act of self-sacrifice, but Edward Manisty, the hero, has all along exhibited a very decided preference for the American young lady (based apparently in no small degree upon her beautiful and costly succession of new frocks), and when Eleanor persuades her to leave their villa in Rome, and the twain secrete themselves for a time in a deserted convent near

Orvieto, Manisty, having wandered in search of the fugitives far and wide, does not scruple to bluster and scold her alductor in good set terms. Unfortunately the author has failed (I am speaking, of course, of the play and not of the story) to awaken much interest in Mr. Manisty or his facile conquests, or even in the great work on Italy and the Papacy on which he is supposed to be engaged. He looks in now and then, as it were, to see how the story is progressing, but as the hero of the play he is nil, and this is perhaps the gravest of the author's shortcomings.

## "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

The lady who gave up the attempt to read "Gulliver's Travels" because she considered the adventures of the hero in the kingdom of Lilliput "very improbable," may be warned that Mr. Barrie's new piece at the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre is not for her. *The Admirable Crichton* is described by the author as "a Fantasy in Four Acts," and its disdain for reality is proclaimed in the title of one of its most prominent personages, who figures in the playbill as "the Earl of Loam." An Earl of Loamshire appears, if I mistake not, in one of Anthony Trollope's novels; but an Earl of Loam is an inconceivable nobleman. Possibly his Lordship's title has had an attraction for the author because it suggests that common origin in the bosom of Mother Earth on which this Radical Peer is fond of discoursing. Lord Loam is a believer in equality, in token whereof he is accustomed to invite his servants of both sexes to a monthly tea-party, at which, much to their embarrassment and discomfort, these humble guests are received as the social equals of their employers. Mr. Crichton, the butler, in particular, openly protests in his deferential and obsequious manner, till at last a very promising opportunity arrives for putting these theories to the test. Lord Loam starts on a voyage in his yacht, taking with him his three daughters, the ladies Mary, Catherine, and Agatha Lazenby, his kitchen-maid Tweeny, who assumes the functions of lady's-maid for the occasion, and finally Crichton the butler, who in like manner is transformed into his lordship's valet. The rising of the curtain on Act II. finds these persons on a lonely and uninhabited island in the Pacific, where they have been cast ashore from the wreck of the yacht, and here we have society brought back to its primitive conditions. The result, however, is not equality, but rather a benevolent despotism; for Crichton proves to be so superior in ingenuity and resource to his aristocratic companions that he gradually and almost involuntarily assumes the position of dictator in the little colony. The proud Lady Mary waits on him at dinner, and there is even an approach to an engagement between them. On one occasion there is a little revolt against Crichton's absolutism, but the seceders, allured by the fragrance of the cauldron of Irish stew which is preparing, quickly return to their allegiance. Such is the position when, after two years, a ship, attracted by the electric lights which the ingenious Crichton has contrived to organise, appears off the island and rescues the party, who, in the fourth and last act, are found once more assembled at Lord Loam's mansion in Mayfair. The satirical element in Mr. Barrie's "Fantasy" need not be taken very seriously, and though the scene on the island may savour too much of the Swiss Family Robinson, the incidents undoubtedly furnish much entertainment. Opportunities for fine acting are wanting, but Mr. H. B. Irving's modest, soft-spoken, but authoritative butler, is a highly original creation; though it is hard to imagine this refined and intelligent person settling down, as he announces his intention of doing, with the good-natured, but vulgar and illiterate, kitchen-maid Tweeny, in a public-house in the Harrow Road. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is rather out of place in the part of Lady Mary, as is Mr. Henry Kemble as the Earl of Loam, though the actor was able to awaken much laughter by the humorous imbecilities of that crotchety nobleman. Altogether the cast, which includes, besides those mentioned, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Mr. Clarence Blackiston, Mr. Compton Courtts, Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Muriel Beaumont, Miss Fanny Coleman, Miss Margaret Fraser and Miss Pattie Browne, is an exceptionally strong one.



This hippopotamus is one of the most remarkable animals at the Zoo. Born in the Society's gardens on November 5, 1872, this "monstrous pig" has just attained the age of thirty years, which speaks well for the care and attention bestowed upon the animals at the Zoological Gardens. The first hippopotamus ever exhibited in Europe since the days of Rome arrived in London in 1850, and caused quite a sensation. "Obagach," as he was called, lived twenty-eight years in the Society's gardens, and his mate, "Athela," died in 1882, leaving their offspring, "Guy Fawkes" (a female, by the way), as their sole representative, and, it appears, can be reckoned upon, gives every indication of living another thirty years. Our photograph is by W. P. Dando.

"GUY FAWKES" AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

1. The bundle of the letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. 2. Garnet's head as published in 1685. 3. Autograph of Guy Fawkes.

my lord out of the love i beare you to some of your friends  
i have a care of your preservation therfor i would  
advise you as you be tender your lvs to deuyss some  
excuse to shift of your attendance at this parliament  
for god and man ha the concurred to punish the wickednes  
of this tyme and thinke not slightly of this advertisement  
but rebewe your self into your contri vlycare you  
may expect the event in jaffa for thowge there be no  
apparance of amni stir yet i say they shall receive a terrible  
blow this parliament and yet they shall not scie who  
hunts them this conuener is not to be contemned because  
it move do you good and can do youe no harme for the  
dangere is passed as soon as youe have burnt the letter  
and i hope god will give youe the grace to make good  
use of it to whose holy protection i commend youe

Gmbo faukes

To the right honorable  
The lord monteagle

Addressed  
on the 2nd



On the left is a reduced facsimile of the letter written to Lord Monteagle warning him to keep away from the Houses of Parliament, and below is the signature of Guy Fawkes. The plate on the right has a curious history. A young man named Wilkinson, who was present at the execution of Garnet for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, preserved a head of straw, which fell from the basket in which Garnet's head was placed, as a relic of the occasion. According to the testimony of the time the head of Garnet, with also the head of a cherub on the lower part of the beard, could be seen. This story was implicitly believed and circulated both on the Continent as well as in England.

MEMORIALS OF GUY FAWKES AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOT







As the apples fall they are placed in heaps in the orchards. They are taken for the ordinary cider used on the farms. The better cider is from fruit picked by hand, but

is made in the same manner. The cider mill for pulping the apples is shown in the shadow of the background. The pulp is placed in the press between layers of straw, and when built up sufficiently high into a tub, and is taken a

# THE CIDER PRESS: AN AUTUMN SCENE

DRAWN BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.





apples is shown in the shadow | built up sufficiently high the screw is turned by means of a long lever. The liquid runs out | making is carried on mostly when the weather is broken, and all spare hands are put to the  
 en layers of straw, and when | into a tub, and is taken away and stored in vats to ferment before being placed into barrel. Cider | work. This press is of a very primitive character, and is only found in the more remote districts

PRESS: AN AUTUMN SCENE IN SOMERSET

DRAWN BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.





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## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

A French dressmaker has been airing her opinions about Englishwomen. Naturally their style of dress is what strikes her most forcibly. The variety of bright colours, the white hats worn in the muddy streets, the general appearance of dressiness among the poorest women, the maid-servants, the workgirls—these fill her with horror. "How can they afford it?" she says; and indeed *echo* may well answer, "How can they?" The result of all this finery is untidy, squalid homes, debt and misery. The French workgirl earns five francs a day, and on that she says it is difficult to dress well. It requires thought and planning and strict economy. Black, of course, is the only wear (for a shower of rain will spoil the gayest hat), but her merino or stuff dress is of the best, well made (for who knows what is good taste better than she does?), and perfectly plain. It will not spoil with mud or rain, for it is of a good quality, and a little brushing will soon put things right. She looks what she is—a workgirl—leaving gaudy and flimsy finery to the ladies who drive in their carriages.

The spread of luxury in all classes is, indeed, a matter for thought, so much money is wasted on useless things or mere show. Recently I heard of a lady who ordered an ermine coat and hood for her dog, and of another who spent 1,400*l.* on a linen and lace tablecloth. I fear such luxurious fads are a bad omen for English solidity and good sense, the virtues we have always prided ourselves on. We are encouraging shams, pretensions, and vanities which render Englishwomen contemptible. I see that several writers are urging a return to greater simplicity of life, and in that alone will be found the solution of the servant question. Formerly ladies of small means assisted their maids in their household duties, dusted the china in the drawing-room, and arranged the flowers and other little knickknacks. Now this has become the parlour-maid's business, and a whole morning might easily be spent by her in dusting and cleaning the frippery of the drawing-room, the silver, the plate, the flower vases, the cushions and screens. All this means labour, and it is no wonder that hard-worked domestics jib at it. Women seem to grow daily more helpless and more luxurious in their homes.

A new French magazine for women has just been brought out. It is pretty and practical, and takes a wider view of things than do our ladies' papers. One of the most interesting articles is a biography of Mrs. Green, said to be the richest business woman in America. "Is she happy?" asks the writer, and the answer is in the negative. She had no need to work, for her father left her quite a nice little fortune, but as a girl she had been accustomed to read about and discuss stocks and shares with her father. Her inheritance being disputed she set to work to fight for it, and finally went into business on her own account, prospering remarkably. She gives as the secret of her success the formula, "Buy when everyone else is selling, sell when everyone else is buying." Though

very rich, every day she starts almost poorly dressed in an old fur cloak at seven in the morning for business, returning only in time for dinner, lunching hurriedly or not at all. Art and sentiment are mere shadows to her. She never goes to the theatre, and practises philanthropy only in the abstract, for the community, not for the individual. She has a country house of the most modest dimensions; her sitting-room is furnished only with a sofa, a table, and three armchairs. Her daughter has been brought up very simply. Mrs. Green says, "A woman's place is in her home." That is the outcome of the experience of this strange woman's busy existence. Her husband thinks the same; he lives in a retired way and collects butterflies! Her son is a good business man, and follows in his mother's footsteps. Such is the history of the richest business woman in America;

she knows no gaiety; her horizon is bounded by the walls of her office.

A Norwegian lady has just started on an extended tour without any means but what she can make on the road by journalism. I should imagine she will have some very varied experiences. Men have started in the same way as tramps or casual labourers, but the journalist's earnings seem more precarious.

It is becoming more and more the fashion for women to drive teams, sometimes only of Shetland ponies, like Lord Hopetoun's sisters, but generally of horses. Lady Warwick, Lady Colebrook, Lady Howe are a few of the ladies who are reckoned crack whips, and can hold their own with men in strength, nerve and skill.



The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Dudley have just concluded a tour in the West of Ireland. Their Excellencies, who drove about in a motor-car, everywhere received an enthusiastic welcome—a fact which possibly accounts for some of the violence with which Lord Dudley has been assailed by the Nationalist Press. Our photograph is by R. W. Simmons, Galway.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT TOURING IN CONNEMARA

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**THE ÆOLIAN**

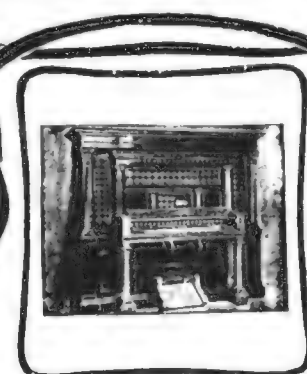
THERE are few people who hear all the music they would like to hear. Until the advent of the Æolian the best music, the work of the world's great musicians, was not to be heard every day, and to miss it was to miss one of the most valuable elements of culture, one of the finest means of enjoyment.

The Æolian is the result of a series of inventions designed to bring into one's own home a complete orchestra in one instrument. The possession of an Æolian opens up to you the whole world of music. You have at hand a means of playing at any time more of the finest compositions than you could hear even were you to attend all the concerts of a season.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the Æolian is that it is possible for anyone to play it and have full command over the artistic side of the playing. Briefly, this consists in permitting the performer to devote the whole of his attention to the stops (which control registers voiced to imitate in smooth, true, telling tones the different instruments of an orchestra) while the finger-work is done for him.

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The above cup, which was offered for competition at the great National Band Contest, held recently at the Crystal Palace, has been duly presented to the successful band—the Hartlepool Borough Prize Band. The presentation was made by Mr. J. Henry Bea, director of the Crystal Palace Band Festival, who handed the cup to Councillor Clutterbuck, J.P., Mayor-elect of Hartlepool, who kindly undertook to take charge of the same, on behalf of the band, for the period of twelve months.

THE "GRAPHIC" AND "DAILY GRAPHIC" CHALLENGE CUP FOR BRASS BANDS

lieve, no secret in saying that the concerts have been organised chiefly under the supervision of Mr. W. H. Leslie, a son of the founder of the once famous Henry Leslie's Choir; while that such performances were wanted is plainly indicated by the fact that the season opens with a subscription list of over a thousand guineas. Messrs. Erard have also organised a series of concerts but of a more miscellaneous character, starting (with seats at from sixpence to two shillings) at the Albert Hall next Saturday night.

The new season of the Royal Choral Society, opening at the Albert Hall with *Elijah* on Thursday, starts under highly favourable auspices. Good voices among the candidates for vacancies were so numerous that the committee have carried out a scheme long since in contemplation, of increasing the choir to 850 singers. The orchestra has likewise been enlarged to 150 players.

Mr. Manns, who has nearly completed half a century of service as conductor of the Crystal Palace orchestral concerts, is gradually improving in health, but as he is still not well enough to wield the baton, the band this year is to be conducted by Dr. Cowen. The orchestral performances started on Saturday with a short programme, the purely orchestral works in which were Beethoven's seventh symphony, admirably rendered, Tchaikowsky's *Roméo* overture, and Harvey's "On the March"—that is to say, the more effective of two little orchestral pieces which this agreeable

## Music

SOME of the leading concerts of the London winter season made a start this week, among others the Saturday "Pops," the Crystal Palace Orchestral, the Richter, the Albert Hall Choral, and the London Ballad Concerts, altogether part from an entirely new enterprise organised at St. James's Hall by Messrs. Broadwood, the piano-makers. The general idea is to give chamber music performances at very moderate prices, and with programmes which, besides old favourites, introduce works and artists not often heard. At the second concert, on the 20th, for example, the great clarinetist, Herr Muhlfeld, and four other members of the Meiningen orchestra will appear. We disclose, we believe,

writer brought out at the recent Cardiff Festival. The band, by the way, was not the old Crystal Palace band, but one selected for the occasion from the Philharmonic and other orchestras.

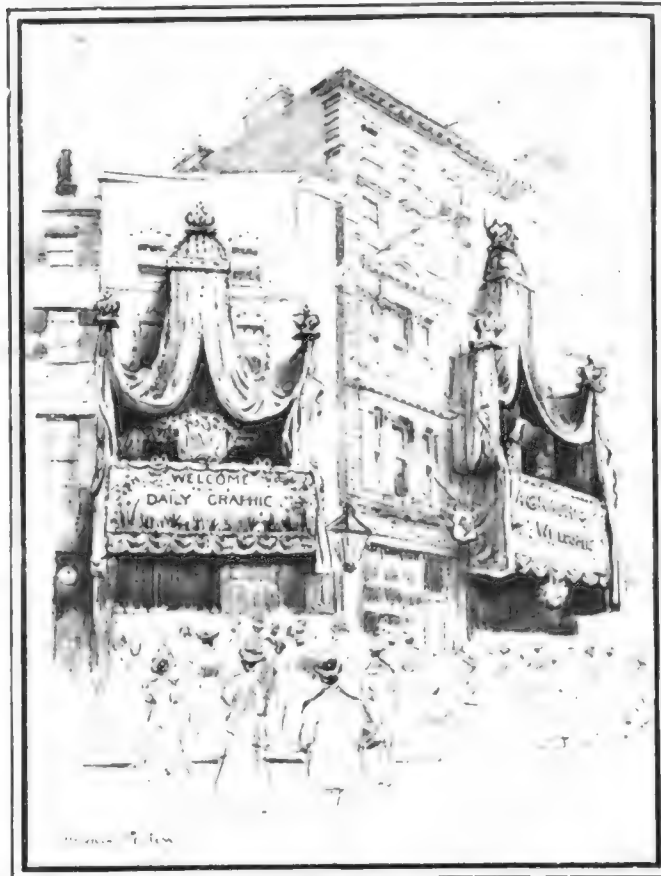
The "Pops" this year are again under new musical management, although the business direction is of course still in the hands of Messrs. Chappell and Co. The plan tried after Mr. Arthur Chappell's resignation, of frequently changing the Quartet party, was found not conducive to *ensemble*, so that for the present season the direction of the music has been entrusted to Mr. Kruse, an Australian by birth, and a former pupil of Dr. Joachim. There are two other British musicians in his quartet party, which will doubtless be able to show greater delicacy of reading and perfection of *ensemble* later in the season. The opening programme was ambitious, for besides some songs it was devoted to no less exacting a quartet, that the "posthumous" in C sharp minor of Beethoven, and Tschikowsky's pianoforte trio in A minor dedicated to Nicholas Rubinstein.

There are two series of Ballad Concerts, one the original enterprise, which now located at Queen's Hall, under the management of Messrs. Boosey, opened its thirty-seventh year on Saturday; and the other, under the auspices of Messrs. Chappell and the management of Mr. Willy Boosey, which will begin a new season at St. James's Hall this afternoon. At Queen's Hall genuine ballads play an especially important part, for the audience just now is partly composed of young amateur singers of either sex anxious to increase their drawing-room repertory in view of the coming Christmas holidays. Accordingly, there were many new songs in the opening programme of average excellence, though not, perhaps, showing any striking individuality.

At the Promenade Concerts, whose season closes to-night, there have been no special novelties, but Dr. Elgar has conducted his Coronation Ode for the first time with military band, as originally intended for Covent Garden. The choruses were rather poorly sung by the choir, who were much better in the final movement of Beethoven's choral symphony, which had evidently been carefully prepared. Herr van Rooy's vocal recital had to be abandoned owing to his hoarseness; but among our visitors have been Dr. Saint-Saens, Frl. Berg, a Berlineser lieder vocalist, who sang at the Crystal Palace some little time ago, and Miss Elsie Hall, the Australian pianist, who has much improved since she last appeared here.

## Cider-Making

CIDER-MAKING is a flourishing industry in many parts of England, though the rustic cider press which Mr. Macbeth has shown so picturesquely in rapid process of being superseded by more scientific methods. Readers of Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders" will remember the descriptions of the travelling cider press, with which certain of his rustics toured the country, and the press shown in our Supplement is a machine only one stage more advanced, inasmuch as it is stationary. A typical cider "cellar" such as Mr. Macbeth has

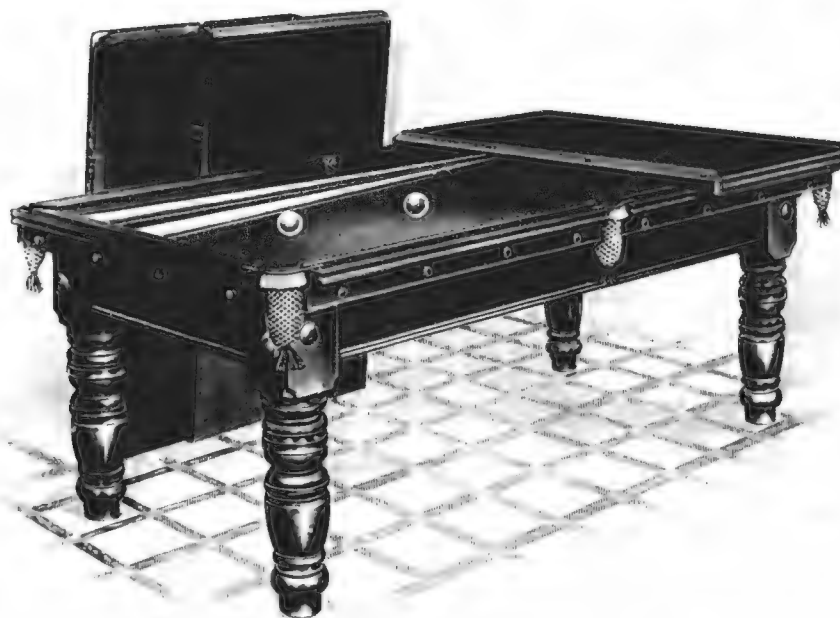


Among the more notable of the decorations on the route of the Royal Procession were those of the offices of THE GRAPHIC and Daily Graphic. The dominant colour of those of THE GRAPHIC was a rich crimson claret with gold edging, while the Daily Graphic office was decked in pale blue and silver.

CONSPICUOUS DECORATIONS IN THE STRAND  
DRAWN BY HOWARD FENTON

drawn is merely a barn containing barrels of cider ready for sale, a press, and a mill. The press is an erection not unlike a crudely made and very large linen press. The lower part forms a shallow wooden trough, which in turn communicates, by means of a wooden spout, with a small well let into the earthen floor. Alongside it is the mill, and above is a small loft, filled with apples, which dribble into the mill by the removal of a trap-door. The apples are first crushed in the mill and then spread out on straw at the bottom of the press. Alternate layers of straw and crushed apples are added, and these constitute the "cheese;" when this has reached satisfactory proportions the heavy press is let down relentlessly, and soon apple-juice comes pouring down the sides of the "cheese" and through the spout into the well, whence it is conveyed to large tubs.

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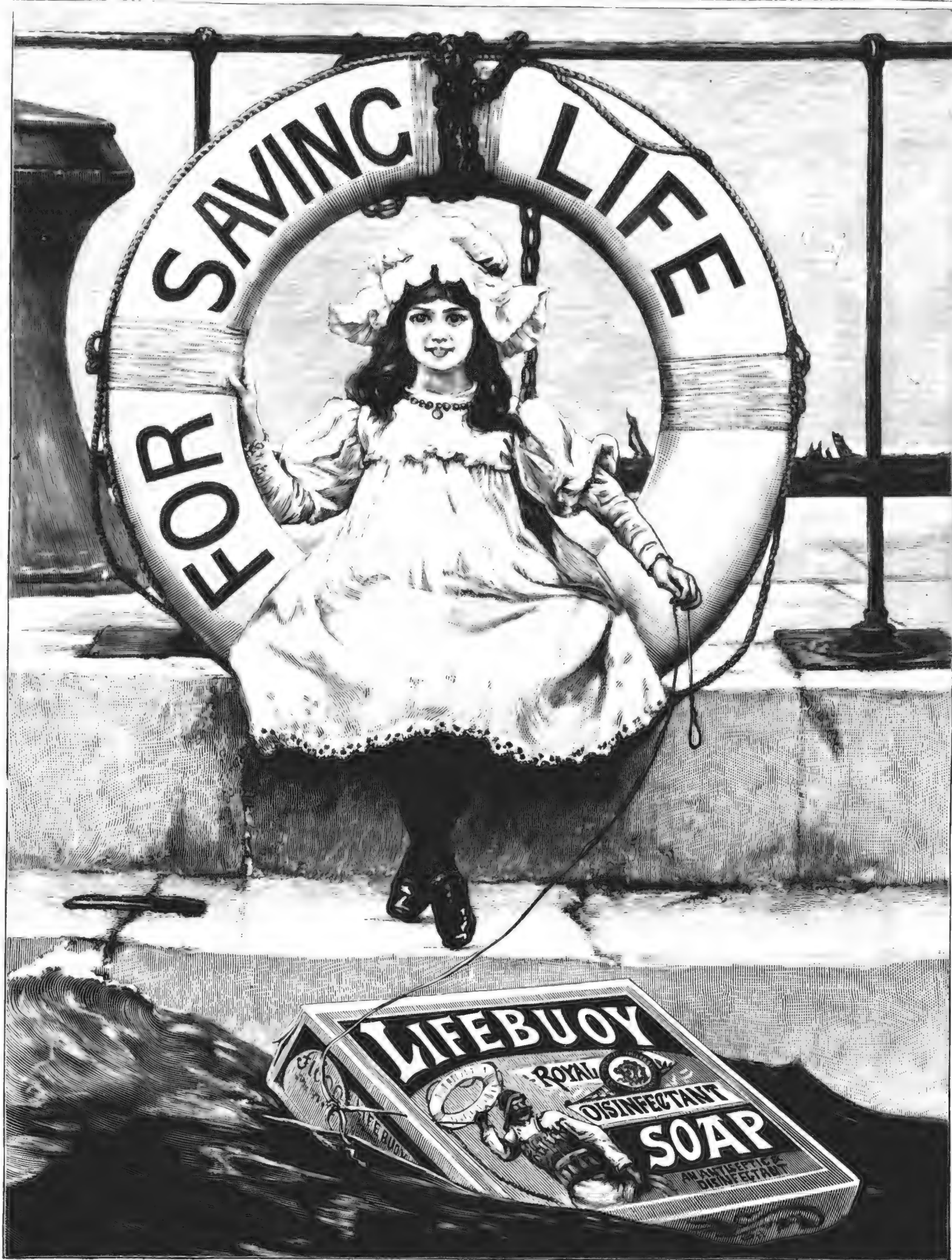
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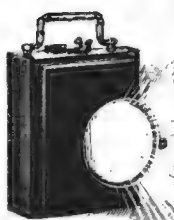


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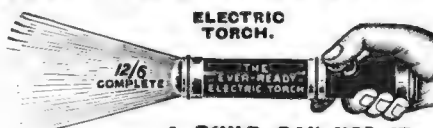
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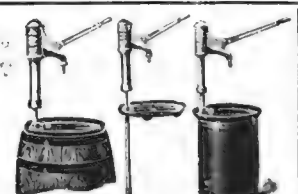
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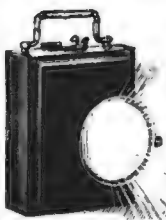


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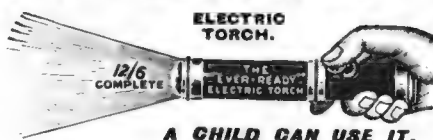
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## "ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS"

A very interesting newcomer in the field of periodicals is the monthly journal which bears the above title. It is designed to keep busy people abreast of scientific intelligence, and in bright and attractive form it sets forth what is being done in the whole wide field of science. Most varied and most clear are its little articles on a hundred subjects, and it will meet the requirements of those who want their scientific news in rather more popular form than that to which the technical journals will stoop.

## THE "MAGAZINE OF ART"

The *Magazine of Art* begins this month a new series, and appears in a very striking new cover. This cover was designed and modelled by Mr. Lynn Jenkins, the well-known sculptor, and was the outcome of a most interesting competition, in which many well-known designers competed. The number inside is remarkably attractive. The frontispiece is a fine colour reproduction of one of Mr. Byam Shaw's pictures from the Book of Ecclesiastes and goes with an article by Mr. Konody. There is a very beautiful supplement, "Lady Hamilton," by Romney, from the collection of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Audley Neeld, Bart., M.P. Mr. Spielmann (the editor) has a clever article on Charles Dana Gibson. Mr. Harry Furniss writes on "How to Draw in Pen and Ink," with sketch illustrations, and there is an excellent illustrated paper, the "Exhibition of Early Flemish Pictures at Bruges." Altogether the magazine starts its new life well.

## "SOME LEGENDS OF THE FOLLS"

C. A. Barlow Massie's, the author of these nine little tales (Greening and Co.), is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Fells, has a keen sense of the dramatic, and a skilful touch in sketching a scene or character. At a consequence the stories are quite above the average, and while away an hour very pleasantly. To those in want of ideas one might suggest that the third tale, "A Novel Engagement," would make a capital *lever de rideau*.

## "PROPHET PETER"

The hero of Mayne Lindsay's "Prophet Peter: A Study in Delusion" (Ward, Lock and Co.), is an uneducated and morbidly imaginative country-lad, who mistakes an inherited faculty of thought-reading and second-sight for a divinely inspired power of prophecy. He differs from all similar studies, inasmuch as while it is usual to portray the evolution of the charlatan from the fanatic, or vice versa, Peter is never in the least a charlatan, even though the instincts of his thimble-rigging father and his professionally fortune-telling mother go far to help him in his prophetic career. Naturally, the discovery, by one who regards himself as the chosen channel of a new Revelation, of the sources of his inspiration, is a truly tragic disillusion. His death by a casual gig accident is needless, irrelevant and feeble; but the picture of his precocious and self-centred childhood, and the development of the resulting blend of faith, vanity, ambition, crude theology, and passionate desire to

abolish sin and suffering, constitute an unusually powerful achievement in abnormal psychology. Less convincing is the malign feminine influence of Gwendolen, the very young lady who plays with him for the sake of excitement till she narrowly escapes the consequences of playing with fire; and the representatives of clerical opposition to the prophet carry no sort of conviction whatever. In short, the novel has just one strong point—but that is strong enough to make up for more weaknesses than these. We do not include among the weaknesses the necessity for assuming the actuality of certain occult faculties, or the evident suggestion that this may account for more than it may be orthodox to allow. These are questions between Mr. Lindsay and critics of other than the purely literary aspects of his "study."

## "THE SUBTLE THING THAT'S SPIRIT"

There is not much subtlety of any sort about Geraldine Hodgson's straightforward story (Anthony Treherne) of two young men and two young women whose love affairs get uncomfortably mixed, and left incompletely sorted even at the close. An element of romance is introduced by making one of the young men the lawful owner of the manufactory in which he is employed as an engineer. Incident, of an effective sort, is represented by a strike, in the course of which the destruction of the mill by fire gives the authoress occasion for the display of her vivid descriptive power. Without otherwise achieving any remarkable distinction, the novel is quite interesting enough for general recommendation.

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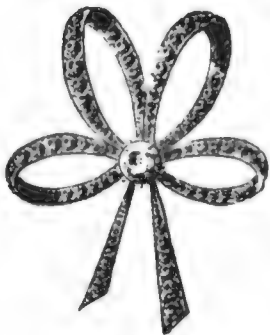


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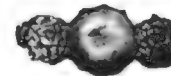
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## IN PURSUIT OF THE MAD MULLAH

Now that the recent events in Somaliland have attracted the attention of everybody to that portion of the globe, Captain McNeil's little book will be read with additional interest. It deals with the raising of the Somali levy in 1901, under Colonel Swayne, and of the subsequent operations against the "Mad" Mullah, Haji Mahomed Abdullah, of the Habr Suleiman section of the Ogaden tribe, which had the result of driving the latter twice out of British territory. In spite of the arduous military duties he was called upon to perform, Captain McNeil found time in the intervals of marching to make a very good bag of the various forms of antelope that are found in the district, and quite half the book is devoted to an account of his successes as a sportsman. That he is a true sportsman, and not a mere slayer, is amply evident, both from his methods of hunting and from his remarks on game preservation. With regard to the expedition, which failed at the time to attract much attention, owing to the all-absorbing interest of the war in South Africa, it is one of which all Englishmen will be proud, since it was the means of displaying the finest qualities of the British officer. In a very short time a force of 1,500 natives was raised. These, all the rawest of recruits, were drilled with the assistance of only a few Indian sergeants, and in the words of Captain McNeil, "In the course of ten weeks we had defeated the Mullah in three fights—on June 2 and 3 and on July 17—and he had been twice chased out of British territory. Colonel Swayne had also pursued him through one whole night, killing many of his followers, and, in addition to this, the Dolbahanta tribes who had sided with him had been severely punished. Not bad work for just over two months with raw levies!" And few will contradict this.

In Pursuit of the Mad Mullah. By Captain Malcolm McNeil, D.S.O. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

list statement. The account of the attack on the zarbi at Sanila, where Captain McNeil had been left in command of the second column, while Colonel Swayne with the first went in search of the Mullah, is given with spirit. The adventures of the first column meanwhile are given by Lieutenant A. C. H. Dixon. The book also contains an interesting chapter on the Somali, his capacities as a soldier, his excitability, his marching powers, and his honesty, except where camels are concerned. The author remarks on the last point: "His ideas of *manu* and *tuam* with regard to camels are altogether different, and he seems to regard any camel that is not his own as his legitimate prey. . . . Camels are, in fact, his fetish and his god, and their acquisition seems to be his main object in life." As a fighting man, he concludes, the Somali is too excitable ever to become a first-class regular soldier, though as an irregular he would be hard to beat. The book is well illustrated with photographs, and the reader will have but one complaint to make, viz., that no map accompanies the volume.

## "AN AUSTRALIAN GIRL IN LONDON"

Louise Mack's, otherwise Mrs. J. P. Creed's, novel (T. Fisher Unwin) is composed, after a not unfamiliar method, of a bright and lively Australian girl's letters from London to her people at home, with a little personal romance, ending in marriage, to give her experiences the necessary amount of backbone. Her impressions are sufficiently varied: M. Paderewski, lodging-house "generals," pictures, flowers, influenza, are merely two or three topics taken at random from a catalogue of truly elephantine capacity for dealing alike with the biggest gun and the minutest pin. We should like the letters better were they less flamboyant in style and less sentimentally gushing, while sentences formed on the model of "and the day dies down—down; then sunset—such a sunset!" are frequent

to irritation. But, as a whole, they are fresh and clever, and the regular comparison of things British with things Australian has an interest of its own just now.

## "THOMPSON'S PROGRESS"

Mr. C. J. Cutcliffe Hume has by no means reached the end of his stock of surprises for his expectant readers. "Thompson's Progress" (Grant Richards) tells how "Tom's son," a Bradford collier lad, of doubtful parentage, came to be a millionaire and a peer. Tom is, to say the least, a rather exceptional person. He is an exquisite violinist, an unequalled poacher, and a mechanical inventor of the highest order. He causes, continues, or closes industrial strikes, to his interest dictates, with the utmost ease. He acquires the rudiments of education by luring a rural schoolmaster into a poaching affair, and extorting reading lessons as the price for escaping the consequences. With this start he picks up seven or eight languages, which serve him in good stead through his subsequent adventures on his way to the House of Lords—one of them of a decidedly big sort, with the famous "Ku Klux Klan," when in America, soon after the War of Secession. But poaching remains his ruling passion throughout them all. It leads to his dramatically romantic marriage; and even when he has become a great landowner, nothing delights him so much as hoodwinking his own keepers. Add to this a mongrel dog of congenial proclivities, an adoring sweetheart who becomes an adoring wife, and a disinterested philanthropy not of the common or public order, and we have a career fully as remarkable as any that has led to wealth and fame, even outside the realm of fiction. The novel is decidedly good of its kind, and carries the exciting romance of "Success, and how he won it" to as high a pitch as the utmost straining of the doctrine of probabilities will lawfully allow.

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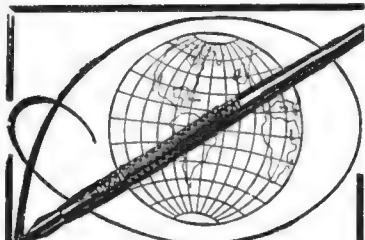


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## Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE rainfall of October was rather below the average: 1.44 inches is our own record, and the majority of stations show about an inch and a half. Yet twenty-one days were showery, the precipitation was very gentle, and would have been ideal either in April following on Lent sowings, or in December following on autumn sowing of the wheat. As it is, the effect has mainly been to create a bad atmosphere for threshing, and to put the new corn out of condition. None the less, the past few weeks have not been on the whole at all unfavourable to the farm. If somewhat less wheat than usual has been sown it has been the result of farmers' dissatisfaction over prices rather than over weather. The temperature, after three or four different adventures in the direction of night frost, has picked up rather well, so that the dahlias which were cut down early in the month recovered before the close, and the chrysanthemums which had been checked came out into full and good bloom. The sportsman has had good weather for cub-hunting, and has been on the whole satisfied with the conditions for partridge-shooting, so far as any weather could make up for the undoubted

scarcity of the partridges themselves. The pheasant-shooting has hardly yet begun in earnest, for the woods are keeping their leaves much later than usual, and the birds were so late this year that prudent sportsmen rather welcomed a reason for commencing late. The raising of the root crops is now going on very actively, and potatoes are not turning out so badly as anticipated. Recent threshings have provided an abundance of straw.

## SUNLESS NOVEMBER

The sunshine record drops with November to forty-one hours, or less than two hours a day. This is, indeed, dismal; but October was so singularly sunless—only thirty-one hours' bright sunshine were recorded, against an average of seventy-five hours—that if November only comes up to an average expectation, it will show material improvement on the previous month. The first day certainly was promising, four hours' sunshine being recorded, and the sunset reminding one of "Turner at his best." Those persons who can get out of the country in the later autumn are rewarded by the gain of sunshine, for in Italy October and November both average more than 100 sunny hours, the actual figures being about 160 and 110 respectively at the chief places. To what do we owe our strangely sunless autumns? To the sea, apparently, yet the coast of Portugal is sunny enough, and sunshine is no rare commodity in the Azores,

situated as they are in Mid-Atlantic. The cloudy character of November has induced foreigners to suppose that suicide is peculiarly frequent at this season, but, as a matter of fact, the great suicide month is July. The autumn is not unhealthy in Great Britain, for the reason that in October and November a reaction in the weather means a return to warmth. In April and May a like reaction, of course, means a return to cold.

## POULTRY

If it is possible to summarise a series of recent shows, we should say that the breed which has made most way in favour thus far through 1902 has been the Wyandotte, and that next in order, a very good second in fact, comes the Orpington. The latter was invented by Mr. Cook, of Tower House, Orpington, as recently as the 'eighties, but the Wyandotte has been known for seventy years, and has had its ups and downs in favour. Dorkings are fairly well represented at most shows, but they never get the first place. Fancy of one sort or the other always chooses some more special breed. Minorcas, Faverolles, and Leghorns may perhaps be placed in the fourth, fifth, and sixth places, while breeds not specially in favour at the present moment appear to include the Brahma, the Cochin, the Spanish, and the Houdans. The game birds are always in favour for crossing purposes.



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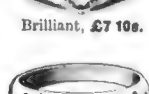
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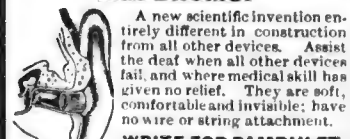
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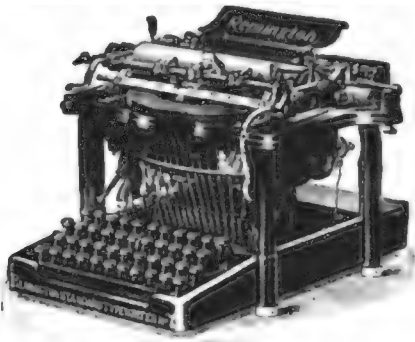
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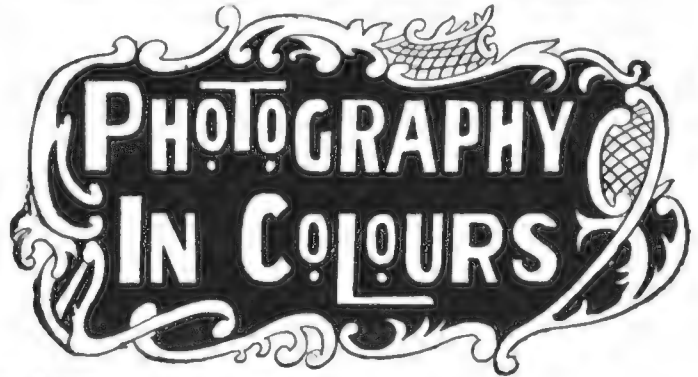
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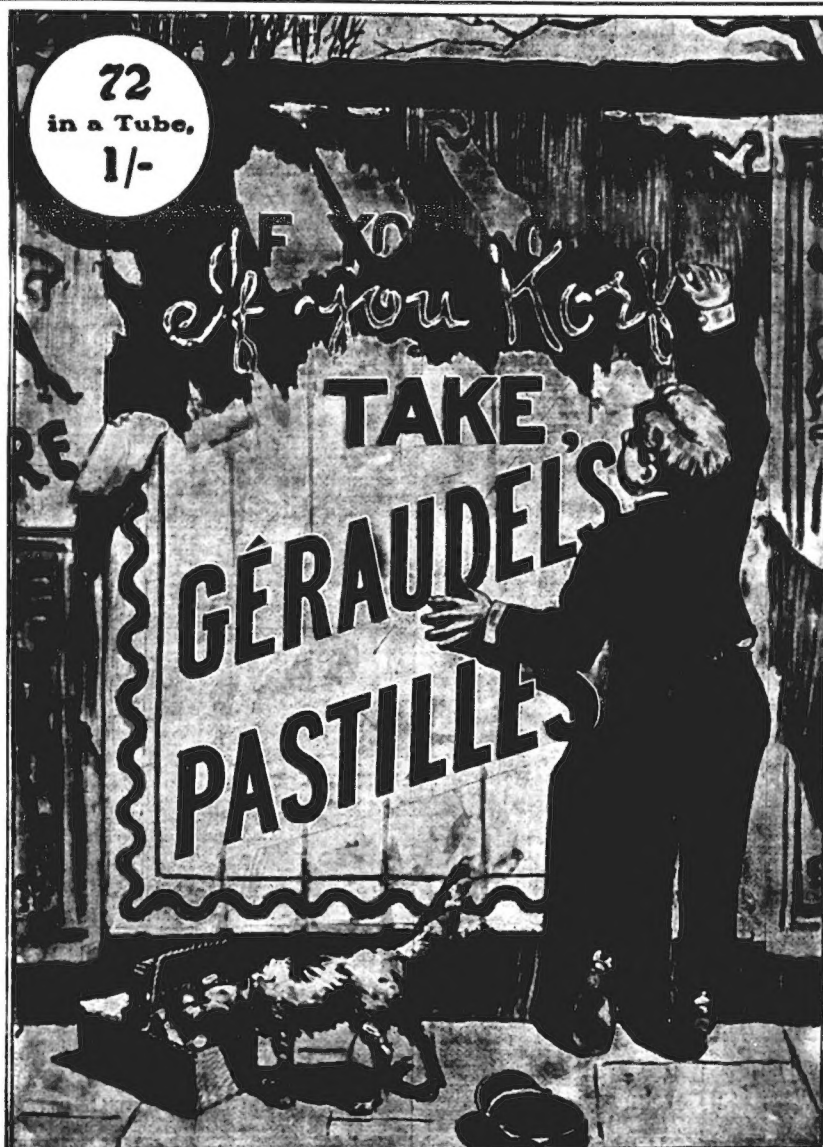
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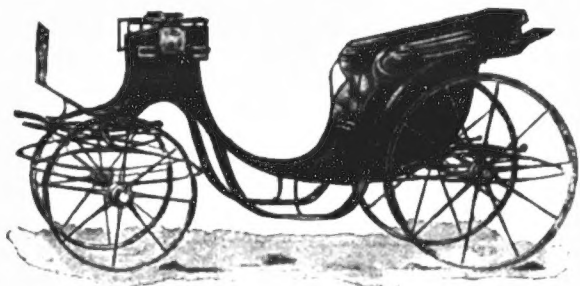
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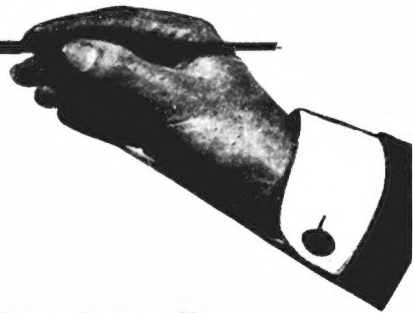
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